MAY 2, 1983
TIM
Actress

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Newport	16	1.2
Carlton Kings	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

	TAR mg/cig	NICOTINE mg/cig
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
Carlton Box 100's	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

100's: 4 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.
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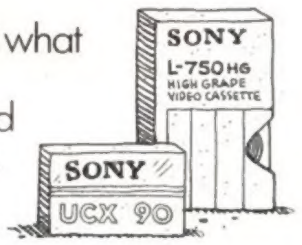

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MAY 2, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 18 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY TONY RUTA

While in Mexico City, TIME Newstour guest journalists take part in an hourlong interview with Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado

A Letter from the Publisher

Mexico's largest trading partner is the U.S., and Mexico, in turn, is the U.S.'s third largest customer, after Canada and Japan. These days the U.S.-Mexico relationship has acquired considerable drama as the U.S.'s big Latin neighbor confronts its worst economic crisis in 40 years. Against this background, 35 U.S. corporate, philanthropic and university leaders joined 15 TIME editors and company officers on a five-day Newstour of Mexico and Panama. Like the seven other such trips sponsored by TIME in the past 20 years, the tour was designed to provide our Newstour guest journalists with a reportorial view of the events and issues confronting the top officials in the countries on the itinerary. It permitted the participants to join us in our craft as they first examined and interviewed, then evaluated and reviewed what they saw and heard.

The trip began in El Paso with a panel discussion on a major bilateral issue: illegal immigration along the 2,000-mile border. Then the participants flew to Mexico's northern Sonora state to visit a coalition of agricultural cooperatives. They spent that night in Monterrey, an industrial center, where they were guests at a dinner with local businessmen. The next day it was on to the steamy coast along the Bay of Campeche to tour the awesome La Cangrejera petrochemical complex at Coatzacoalcos. Says Houston Bureau Chief Sam Allis, who accompanied the Newstour: "I assumed nothing could touch the pure muscle of the refineries along the Houston Ship Channel, but the La Cangrejera complex dwarfs any single facility in Houston. And it isn't even the largest oil facility in Mexico." In Coatzacoalcos, the group met with Mario Ramon Beteta, the new director-general of Pemex, the state oil monopoly, who was crisp and candid in discussing the problems of his nation's petroleum industry.

De la Madrid gets eagle memento from John Heilmann

The highlight of the stop in Mexico City was an hour long interview with Mexico's President of five months, Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, who told the group that in try-

Our Guest Journalists

LOUIS L. BANKS, adjunct professor, *Sloan School of Management, M.I.T.*
JAMES F. BERÉ, chairman, *Borg-Warner Corp.*
JAMES D. BERRY, chairman, *RepublicBank Corp.*
MAX E. BLECK, president, *Piper Aircraft Corp.*
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ALBERT V. CASEY, chairman, *AMR Corp. and American Airlines, Inc.*
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ARTHUR TEMPLE, chairman, *Exeter Investment Co.*
THOMAS R. WILCOX, chairman, exec. committee, *Crocker National Bank & Corp.*

U.S. Ambassador John Gavin briefs the Newstour group at breakfast

Amado, left, and Espriella, far right, decorate Linowitz

ing to combat the current crisis, "we have had to combine the need for stringent, bitter and firm measures with the need to uphold our free democratic system." Excerpts from the President's remarks appear in this week's World section. In addition to meeting the President and presenting him with a glass eagle as a memento of the occasion, the group talked with the ministers of Foreign Affairs, Interior, and Finance, and the Director of Foreign Investments. The Newstour then visited a dusty slum area south of Mexico City, lunched with leaders of the P.R.I., Mexico's dominant political party, and dined at the Mexico City Museum while watching members of the famed Ballet Folklórico de Mexico perform dances from different periods of the country's history. The travelers were also provided with an impressive briefing at breakfast by U.S. Ambassador John Gavin.

To gain perspective on Central America, the tour members conferred with Mexico City Bureau Chief James Willwerth, whose responsibilities extend to the entire isthmus. They also met with representatives of Central America's rebel movements: an anti-Sandinista leader from Nicaragua, a leftist opposition spokesman from Guatemala, and a dedicated, intelligent advocate for the Salvadoran insurgents, Rubén Zamora. While in Panama, the party was briefed by Lieut. General Wallace H. Nutting, head of the U.S. Southern Command. A visit to the Canal was especially meaningful for one Newstour participant, Veteran Negotiator Sol Linowitz, who helped accomplish the return of that waterway to Panama. Later, at lunch, President Ricardo de la Espriella and Foreign Minister José Amado III presented Linowitz with the Order of Vasco Núñez de Balboa, Panama's highest honor, for his efforts on behalf of the 1978 treaty.

John A. Meyer

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Letters

Cocaine Folly

To the Editors:

The article on cocaine [April 11] reads like the decline and fall of an empire. The U.S. is a nation that has so much. Yet something is missing when its people must build up their confidence with a false god like cocaine. There is no need to fear Soviet weapons; Americans are destroying themselves.

Betty J. Ott
Linz, Austria

As long as our society considers the taking of cocaine to be within the bounds of socially acceptable behavior, then nothing, including intensive rehabilitation programs, can help us make headway toward solving this problem.

Martha Young-Scholten
Edmonds, Wash.

Virtually every civilization except that of the Eskimo has indulged in the use of drugs. When the choice is illicit, such as cocaine, the users are vilified as criminals. The question is: Can society deal with the problem if it persecutes and prosecutes the people it purports to be helping? The U.S. will continue to lose its battle against drug abuse as long as the antidrug bureaucratic Establishment prevails.

David J. Bailey
Wayne, N.J.

In America, a line of coke is as easy to obtain as a bottle of beer. Coke users will cut their habit only when they realize that cocaine is ruining their lives and not before that. All the millions of dollars spent on drug enforcement would be better spent on drug rehabilitation.

Richard T. Vimont
Munich

In the '60s and early '70s, drugs were used by many of us to gain self-awareness and to share visionary experiences. Most of us have since grown beyond the need to alter our states of consciousness. After having had our share of acid, peyote and mushrooms, we are unimpressed by cocaine and wonder why there is such a fascination with it. It is ironic that this middle class that condemned us in the '60s is enslaved by an irrelevant white powder.

Bill Platz
Bloomington, Ind.

This nation is going to hell fast while the countries who supply us with coke are laughing at the gullible Americans.

Mrs. Ronald Griffin
Cazenovia, N.Y.

Lawyers use drugs, breaking the laws they profess to revere. Police officers use drugs, breaking the laws they swear to protect. Politicians, doctors, teachers and parents are also users and hence lawbreakers. To whom, then, can our youth look for moral leadership?

Barbara Carlson
New York City

I always believed that if drug abusers wanted to ruin their lives, it was fine with me as long as they kept their habit to themselves. Now the thought of cokeheads practicing as surgeons and working on airplanes has me terrified.

Pamela J. Rivers
Carlinville, Ill.

The cocaine users in your article clearly made the choice to use and abuse the drug. The nonhuman primates at U.C.L.A. did not. Once again animals are being made to suffer because of man's weaknesses.

Aaron Medlock, Executive Director
New England Anti-Vivisection Society
Boston

Limits of Life

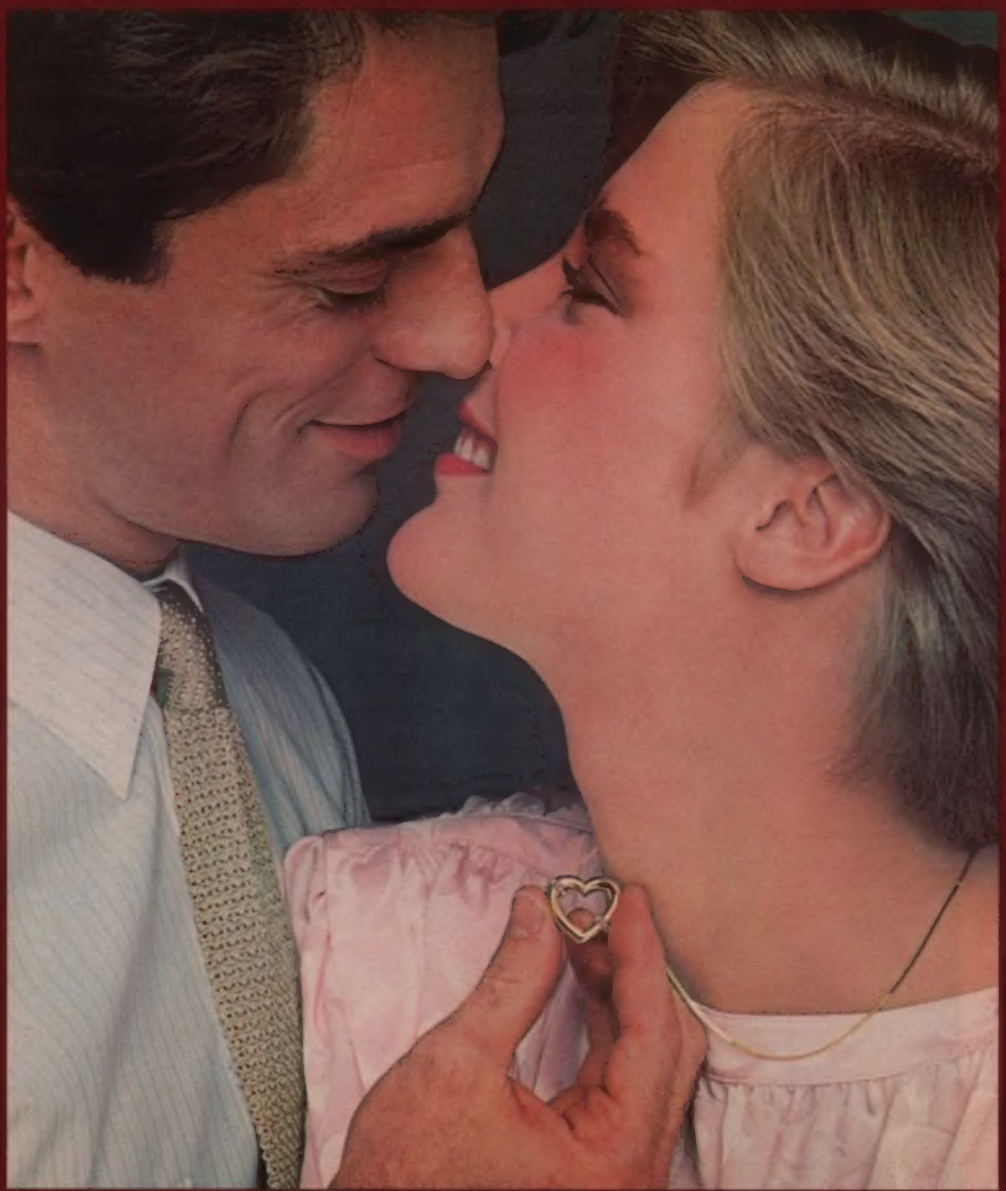
Allowing the Federal Government to enter the arena that decides when to let someone die [April 11] should be viewed with trepidation. Consider an infant born with an inoperable heart defect as well as a serious, but curable stomach blockage that renders feeding impossible. The infant would die if it underwent heart surgery. Yet without a strong heart it would almost certainly succumb if surgery were attempted on the stomach defect. With court-ordered surgery, physicians are now being forced into the role of executioner.

John T. Cockerham, Resident Physician
St. Louis Childrens Hospital
St. Louis

If Americans condone the withholding of food and medical treatment from patients, such as coma victims, the elderly and infants who cannot speak for themselves, who is to say we will not also some day withhold medical treatment from the mentally retarded or physically handicapped because they are considered a burden to society?

Cheryl W. Hollingsworth
Houston

"Now you have two hearts of gold."



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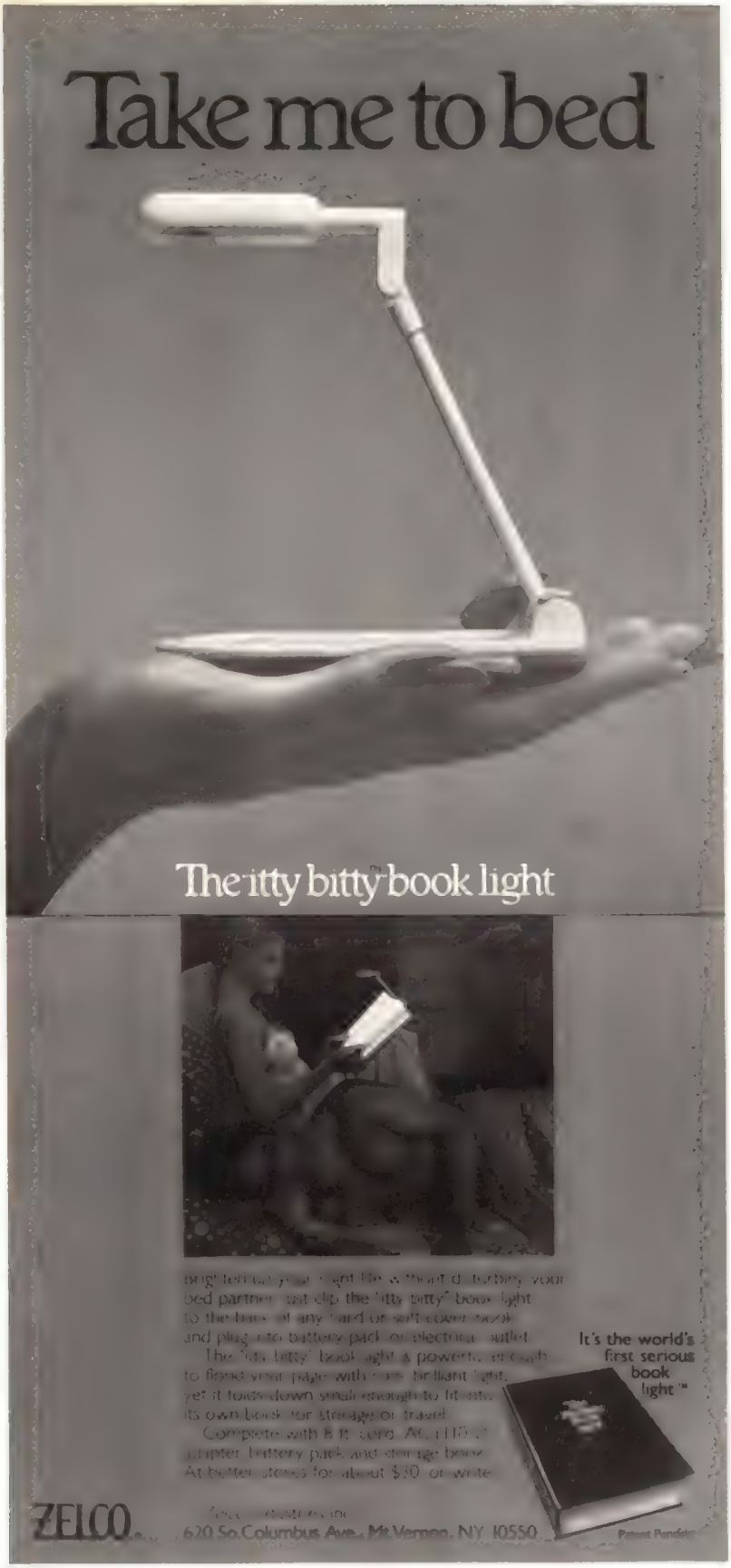

Letters

The assumption that every physician knows the difference "between prolonging the act of dying and protecting the act of living," as Surgeon General Koop asserts, is fallacious. As a registered nurse, I have come in contact with doctors who could not perceive the difference because the choice is not always clear. Physicians possess no more of the godlike qualities than the rest of us.

Gail Browder
Sebastopol, Calif.

Contrary to Roger Witherspoon's statement regarding the death of his premature son, neonatal intensive care units are not cold, insensitive places. It is true that rarely do 22-week infants live, but most others *do* survive, and that is what makes working in these rooms worthwhile.

J. Edward Spence, M.D.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

I am a critical-care pediatric nurse and have worked in several of those "controlled, constricted environments" called Newborn Intensive Care Units (NICUs). I was sorry to read about the premature birth and subsequent death of the Witherspoon child. However, I was more distressed to read that the father thought the NICUs were without "real warmth and affection" and that his son would never know "what it is to be loved." While those of us who care for these infants may be busy trying to preserve a fragile life, we are never so rushed that we do not sing a lullaby, hold a tiny hand or comfort a frightened parent.

Resa M. Bacsik
Murray, Ky.

Jugular Joan

The only time I watch the *Tonight* show is when "bitchy" Joan Rivers [April 11] is host. Joan gets my vote for the funniest woman in America.

Thomas Myers
Columbia City, Ind.

It is to be hoped that Joan Rivers will some day lean so far over the mud pit from which she extracts her egregious material that she will topple in and be heard from nevermore.

Dolores Succa
Boiling Springs, Pa.

The Grand Inquisitor

As a former White House correspondent, I was amused to read your description of Sam Donaldson [April 11] as "more interested in emotion, in the fates of careers and in the flow of power than in the substance of Government." Well, yes. That is the White House, isn't it? Isn't that what Hugh Sidey writes about each week, and isn't that what TIME had in mind in its recent cover story on how Reagan decides?

Sam is a splendid reporter, if perhaps

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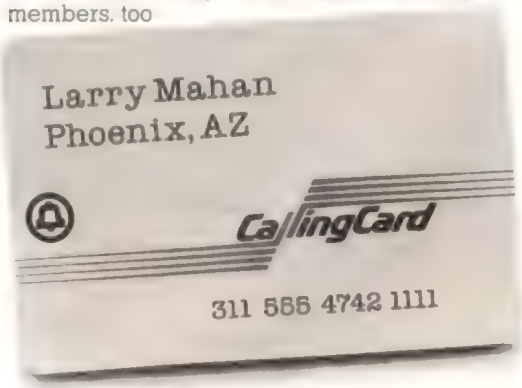

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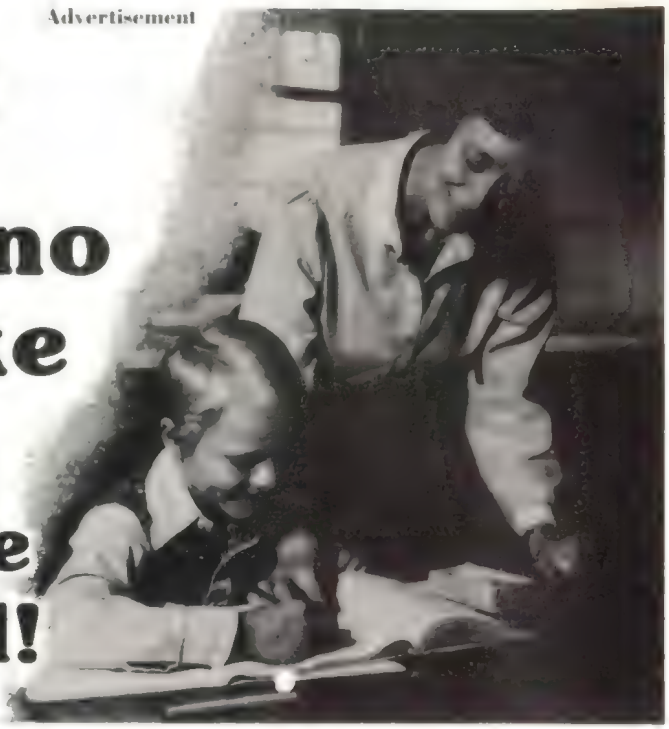

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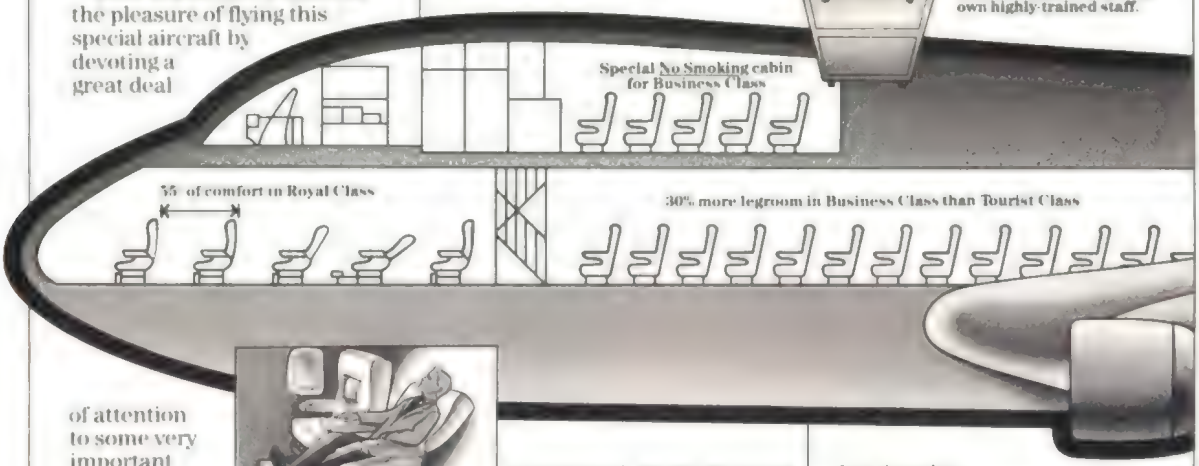

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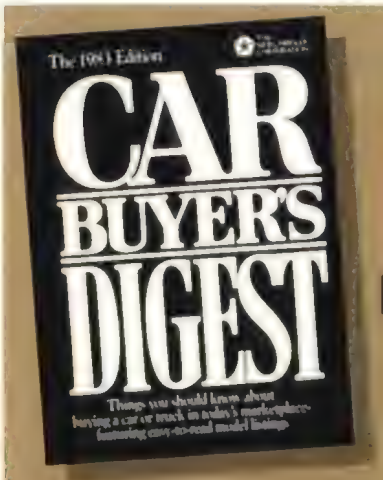

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Letters

an unorthodox personality. As one who has agonized with him over whether one word or another would be more fair or accurate for either of us to use on a broadcast, I have developed a profound respect for his sense of responsibility.

Frank Reynolds
Washington, D.C.

I have never thought or said that Jimmy Carter was incompetent as President of the U.S., a view attributed to me in TIME. As a matter of fact, I have stated repeatedly, both on and off the air, that I believe his accomplishments to be considerable and that history will treat him much more kindly than did the voters in 1980

Sam A. Donaldson
Washington, D.C.

Campus Hecklers

In your Essay on academic audiences who heckle speakers [April 11], you state correctly that "those who disrupt . . . are almost always a tiny minority of the audience." I am surprised that the rest of the audience, who presumably wish to hear the speaker, do not deal with those who are causing the disturbance. In essence, the hecklers are questioning the majority's ability to judge the issues. Heckling, when it results in silencing a speaker, is verbal censorship and an insult to one's intelligence.

Patricia D. Lohmar
Minneapolis

Having attended Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick's remarks at the University of Minnesota, I am amused by the argument that the situation presents a simple case of the protection of free speech. If Kirkpatrick had appeared onstage with an opponent of this Administration's Central American policies, her detractors would probably not have sought to stifle her remarks. Dissenters would most likely have confined their protest to loudly applauding the comments of her antagonist. Speech that consistently comes from the same point of view is not free.

Michael Krause
Minneapolis

The Essay about the disruption of campus speakers reminded me of the story told about New York Governor Alfred E. Smith. During one of Smith's speeches, a heckler in the audience jeered: "Tell 'em all you know, Al. It won't take very long."

Smith, without missing a beat, promptly retorted: "I'll do better than that. I'll tell 'em all we both know. It won't take any longer."

Harold Reiss
Williamsville, N.Y.

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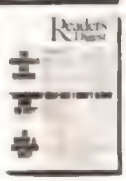

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TIME / MAY 2, 1983

Feuding in the Family

With a budget showdown looming, the Republicans break ranks

The nation's economy continued to recover from its deep recession, as shown by a modest 3.1% upturn in the gross national product in the year's first quarter. President Reagan's popularity, which had been slipping for two years, finally rose slightly in one national poll. And on the South Lawn of the White House, Reagan signed a bipartisan bill designed to rescue the Social Security system from bankruptcy. Said he: "Our system can still work when men and women of good will join together to make it work."

So why were so many Republicans wearing frowns last week? Because the Grand Old Party, badly split over the Administration's deficit-plagued budget and on whether to withhold taxes on interest and dividends, was having a family feud. Cabinet members were fighting with each other. So, too, were presidential aides. The President was scrapping with Republican leaders in the Senate, and G.O.P. Senators were slipping into squabbling factions. The infighting threatened to throw the congressional budget-making machinery, which is squeaky and erratic to begin with, into chaos.

At the same time that Reagan's tax cuts and military spending hikes were taking a pounding on Capitol Hill, the Administration's policy in Central America was also under fire, mostly from Democrats but also from some Republicans. The President won an uneasy cease-fire by disclosing that he would go before a joint session of Congress this week in a national TV address to defend his strategy in the troubled region.

The Republicans' disarray was most evident in the Senate Budget Committee, chaired by New Mexico Republican Pete Domenici. The committee stuck to its earlier decision to limit next year's military spending to a real increase of 5%, even though Reagan aides had belatedly signaled that he might accept a 7.5% hike instead of the 10% that he has been demanding. It also recommended raising $267 billion in additional revenue over the next five years to avoid budget deficits of $200 billion or more each year. This new revenue was $60 billion more than the Administration had indicated it would accept—and $2 billion more than even the Democrat-controlled House has approved.

By no coincidence, the revenue target for the first year was $30 billion, roughly the amount that will be lost to the Treasury because of the 10% tax cut scheduled to go into effect July 1. It was a clear signal to the President that his sacrosanct tax reduction is in danger of being repealed.

The Senate committee's action was one of the most serious setbacks Reagan has suffered on Capitol Hill. It stemmed in part from the 1982 elections, in which the recession helped elect Democrats, and scared Republican incumbents, making them more independent of the President.

Illustration for TIME by Pat Oliphant

Deputy Presidential Press Secretary Larry Speakes called the committee's tax figures "utterly ridiculous." An angry Reagan declared, "This is no time to sabotage the recovery."

The Administration had fought hard all week long to prevent such a budget defeat. But its own internal dissension, quickly leaked to reporters, did not help. At a Cabinet meeting on Monday, Budget Director David Stockman warned that failure to reach a compromise with Congress on the budget could mean that the "Reagan Administration fiscal revolution and permanent economic recovery will be lost." If the budget process breaks down, he further predicted, there would be $200 billion deficits "as far as the eye could see."

As Reagan looked on, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who was Budget Director in the Nixon Administration, argued that the President might come closer to achieving his fiscal goals by letting the congressional budget process fall apart. Currently Congress is trying to lay out spending and revenue limits that individual committees have to observe when they take up the specific bills. But Weinberger thought Reagan could do as well without any limits on the appropriations bills, vetoing ones that he thought were out of line. Countered Domenici: "Anyone who thinks that's the way to do it is living in ancient times."

On Tuesday, Domenici, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker and Senate Finance Committee Chairman Bob Dole went to the White House to confer with five presidential aides, including James Baker and Edwin Meese. Reagan's men discovered that the Republicans were miffed because the President had not delivered on what they took to be a commitment to provide more palatable budget figures after the Easter recess. Said a Reagan aide afterward: "It's going to be damn difficult getting these people together."

Indeed it was. All twelve Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee (there are ten Democrats on it) gathered in Howard Baker's office late Wednesday afternoon to consider a last-ditch Administration proposal presented by James Baker and Stockman. In effect, it suggested that Reagan's formal budget proposal for 1984 be ignored and that the budget projections made by Congress last year for the next three years be used as the basis of a compromise. That would mean that the President's call for a flat freeze on spending for nondefense programs would be lifted and defense funding would be allowed to rise by 7.5% in fiscal 1984, an additional 7% in 1985 and 6% more in 1986. There would be no large tax increases until it was certain that the economic recovery was strong enough to absorb them.

In responding to the White House overture, the committee Republicans were soon at odds. Washington's Slade Gorton, representing the more liberal faction, objected that military spending would still be too high. Colorado's William Armstrong, speaking for the more conservative members, remained adamant against even the contingency tax increases that the Administration proposed, which would take effect in 1985 if deficits are still high and there is no recession.

On Thursday morning, Domenici concluded that the entire budget process would be imperiled if his committee did not quickly reach a decision. He sent word through aides to Howard Baker, who was briefly hospitalized for treatment of an ulcer, that he could wait no longer. Baker agreed. The budget chairman next lunched with Florida Senator Lawton Chiles, ranking Democrat on the committee. Domenici told Chiles that the White House was seeking yet another delay in the vote. Domenici said he would present the Administration's revenue proposals to the committee; if they lost, as he expected, Chiles should offer the Democratic alternative.

When the vote was held Thursday afternoon, the Reagan compromise on taxes was rejected, 11 to 6. Chiles offered the Democratic revenue-raising figures, and they were approved, 13 to 4. Only three Republicans (Armstrong, Indiana's Dan Quayle and Iowa's Charles Grassley) and Democrat Fritz Hollings, who favors a freeze on most federal spending, voted against the package. Domenici claimed that he had cut a deal with Chiles only to move the issue to the Senate floor. There he intends to fight against the tax increases that his own committee had just approved. Despite this rationale, it was apparent that Domenici had not only lost patience with the Administration, he had lost control of his committee. And the President had watched his influence over the Senate leadership slip badly once again.

Reagan had Republican leaders in the Senate on his side in opposing a massive lobbying effort by the nation's banks to repeal the withholding of 10% of income gained from interest and dividends. He had vowed to veto any such repeal bill, accusing the bankers of "great distortion" in their mail blitz. But with most Democrats meekly bowing to the pressure, the President could only watch helplessly last week as Republican Senators buckled too. In what was called a "compromise" for cosmetic purposes, the Senate voted overwhelmingly to delay the withholding at least until 1987.

The Senate's rejection of withholding was a particularly bitter defeat for Dole, who had assailed the banking lobby for calling the plan a "new tax" when it was really designed to catch tax cheaters and collect some $5.2 billion this year from the 20 million people who fail to report fully their interest and dividend income. Dole had filibustered gamely against the repeal bill, which was sponsored by Republican Bob Kasten, a freshman Senator from Wisconsin. But Dole last week could count only 27 other Senators (including 24 of 54 Republicans) on his side, and three of them were uncertain. "I went down to the White House," he said, "to see how many they had. They did not have any." So Dole worked out his cave-in compromise with Kasten.

Some Democrats in the House will try to delay a vote on the repeal until after July 1, when withholding is due to go into effect. Once the repeal gets out of committee, it is likely to pass easily. Whether Reagan would veto the compromise remained in doubt, but he blasted the Senate action as "quite a triumph for the peo-

Badly split and slipping into squabbling, even fighting factions: Republican Senators Kasten, Armstrong, Domenici and Dole

ple who are not paying the taxes they fairly owe." Dole and a few House Democrats have threatened that they may seek new taxes on banks to make up for any revenue lost by a withholding repeal. Said Dole: "I wouldn't break out the champagne yet if I were a banker."

The Administration faces another difficult selling job in persuading the rebellious Congress to go along with its policy of overt aid to the government of El Salvador and covert help to opponents of the government in Nicaragua. In this foreign policy thicket, Democratic opposition is the most serious obstacle. Still, even the Republican-controlled Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted in March to slash in half the $60 million in military aid that Reagan wants to switch from Morocco to El Salvador. The President has also asked for an additional $50 million in military funds for the Salvadoran government. The Senate committee is requiring that the Administration encourage open-ended negotiations between the Salvadoran government and leftist guerrillas as a condition for sending the added funds, a proposition that Secretary of State George Shultz has opposed as an attempt "to carve up power behind the people's back."

The House Foreign Affairs Committee last week also snubbed Reagan on military assistance for El Salvador. By a 19-to-16 vote, with three Republicans joining the Democratic majority, it rejected the Administration's request for that $50 million in extra aid. Moreover, a House Appropriations subcommittee headed by Democrat Clarence Long continued to withhold its approval of the $60 million transfer of funds. Long wants to pressure the Administration into sending a special envoy to El Salvador. Shultz, just returned from a visit to Mexico, spent 3½ hours answering questions from the House Select Intelligence Committee about the Administration's support of anti-Sandinista forces in Nicaragua.

The rising opposition to its policy in Central America has persuaded the Administration to intensify its public defense of the U.S. role. "We have long needed to explain it coherently and logically," conceded a State Department policymaker last week. "The only one who can do that and make it stick is the President."

Reagan will attempt to do just that in this week's speech. The President will be tough without being strident, his advisers say, and he will not change course. The political question, frets one high official, is whether "one speech can turn this thing around." Reagan also tried to turn public opinion with his recent star wars appeal for military spending increases. As last week's events made clear, that speech failed to convince even the Republicans. With friends like that, who needs Democrats? —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Checking and Balancing

"We're arriving at the sensible center," contends Norman Ornstein, Catholic University's government scholar now on leave at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative think tank in Washington. "This Government is working just about as well as any system could."

Such heresy is the trademark of the genial Ornstein. He listens patiently to the endless yammering of the special interests and the experts, then gently suggests that they step back and look at the forest instead of their own imperfect tree. "James Madison [the *Federalist*] would be pleased if he were here," declares Ornstein. "The best features of the checks and balances are in play. We are not being dominated by sets of insidious special interests. We are arriving at a set of centrist and sensible policies."

Consider the signing of the Social Security rescue bill last Wednesday. Three codgers, who together have spent more than two centuries on this planet, assembled on the chilled South Lawn of the White House. Ronald Reagan, 72, signed cheerfully. Thomas P. O'Neill, 70, spoke passionately. Congressman Claude Pepper, 82, gave his fervent blessing. Three months ago they were ready to choke one another. Now they smiled.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

Reagan signing the Social Security bill

The ceremony was only one reminder that our Government dawdles, wastes, flubs, bumbles—but works. Something is always out of plumb in Washington, and many interested people have come to help out. On some nights the crowded federal city has a significance gap. Stories and lamentations about agency favoritism, staff frictions, congressional capriciousness obscure the sum. "The bottom line is good," insists Ornstein.

Reagan jolted the place out of 50 years of slovenly habits. One of the laws of the political universe is that people who spend other people's money sooner or later become indifferent to the source and careless with the wealth. They need periodic kicks in the pants. Reagan delivered one. But he has gone too far in a number of ways and is being shouldered back to center. The defense budget has been cut and will be cut more. The MX missile will not be based in a "big bird" flapping about the heavens, but will be put into old silos in the ground to save about $33 billion.

Wherever one looks on Pennsylvania Avenue, sharp corners are being rounded, excesses are being contained. When he came into office, Reagan was not very interested in arms control. Preachers, professors and pundits have forced his attention. James Watt insulted the Beach Boys and was squelched by Nancy Reagan. When it appeared the President was forgetting about those suffocating $200 billion deficits, a memo from Budgetman David Stockman was leaked pleading for action lest the red ink extend "as far as the eye can see."

One correction deserves another. Kenneth Adelman is busy as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He hung by his thumbs for two months while a group of Senators played President, not their job. They were rebuked, and Adelman was confirmed. Reagan's covert operations in Central America got more attention than he anticipated and slowed him down in using the CIA in Nicaragua and sending more military advisers to El Salvador. But Reagan will have another say this week in a speech before a joint session of Congress.

Ornstein suggests it is time for academics to redefine "government." True, its heart still is the courts, the Congress and the Executive. But the special interests, the media, the experts have grabbed a larger share of the power. We pay a price sometimes in delay and frustration. "There is the old saying that one should never watch laws or sausage being made," says Ornstein. "We've opened up this Government so much that it is like having an entire sausage factory on the nightly news. The process may not look like much, but the product is good."

The President on White House lawn: in his view, the foreign policy drawbacks of delay count less than the domestic political advantages

Playing Seek-and-Hide

Will the old actor ask for an encore?

Please, do not put me into an election by going too early and forming a committee. Please let me make that decision at the proper time.

—Ronald Reagan

Both the setting and the content of that remark last week advanced a tantalizing and serious game that might be called seek-and-hide. The President was addressing a luncheon of 80 former political directors of his national campaigns, and the very fact that he had called them together in Washington provided a new indication that he will seek a second term. But his wording constituted another example of his determination to hide that intention, at least in the sense of formal public announcement, until the moment of maximum political advantage—which, some of his aides have begun to hint, may come even later than the September declaration they once had anticipated

Ordinarily, it is simply assumed that a first-term President will run for re-election, even if his prospects seem as dubious as those of Jimmy Carter—or, for that matter, as hopeless as those of Herbert Hoover. But Reagan would be the first President to be less than three weeks shy of his 78th birthday when he finished a second term. And he does not feel the driving personal ambition that would make re-election a psychological necessity

Reagan is well aware of these considerations, and for all the gravity of his decision, cannot resist the actor's temptation to have a bit of fun by prolonging the guessing game. He once promised Texas Congressman Phil Gramm that Gramm could make one of the nominating speeches for him at the Republican Convention in Dallas next year—then, eyes atwinkle, added the inevitable qualification: if he chooses to run. To newsmen he jokes, "There is a 50% chance." He has been equally coy with his closest aides. In a limousine returning to the White House after a speech by Reagan to staunch conservatives, Political Aide Edward Rollins told him that what his audience had wanted to hear was a declaration of candidacy. End of conversation: Reagan stared silently out the window.

But if the President eventually announces he will not run, he will surprise his aides and opponents alike. Whether or not he has reached a final, this-is-it decision in his own mind, he has been acting and talking like a candidate for months. Indeed, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that as long ago as last December, Reagan assured King Hussein of Jordan that "we will be partners for six more years." He is also said to have told Hussein that he knew his Middle East peace initiative would cost him Jewish votes but that he could win re-election without them. The White House has formally denied this story. Reagan has personally disavowed it to close aides, managing at the same time to strengthen their conviction that he will run. "He sounded like a man who was counting constituent groups," says one aide, describing a conversation in which Reagan insisted that he was not writing off Jewish votes.

Beyond that, his aides report that their scheduling of Reagan's future activities is already heavily influenced by next year's political considerations. Explains one adviser: "There has been a lot of sensitivity to 1984 around here in the past two months."

Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese sums up the feeling among Reagan's advisers this way: "If the President had to make the decision today, he would definitely plan to run. I don't think there will be much this summer that is different." Quite the contrary: aides believe that a continuing pickup in the economy will make a re-election race all the more likely by making it look more winnable. The beginnings of recovery from recession already are boosting Reagan's poll ratings. One example: a Washington *Post*/ABC News poll conducted between April 8 and 12 showed Reagan beating Walter Mondale 46% to 45% and John Glenn 44% to 43%; only six weeks earlier he had trailed these potential opponents by 9 or 10 points.

If Reagan really has pretty much decided to run, why does he not say so? Some of his aides and allies think he should, and have tried to talk him into an announcement this spring. One aide asserts that "had he already announced, it would have helped us with the Republicans in the Senate" who are rebelling against White House tax and budget policies

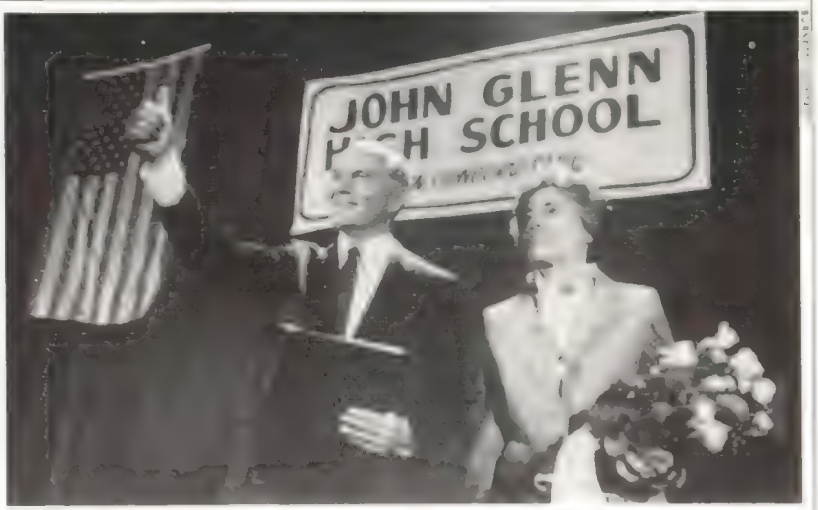
The potential effects of delay are more worrisome in foreign policy. That, at least, is the judgment of one expert in political timing: Richard Nixon. The former President, who stays in close touch with foreign leaders, has told White House aides that seeming indecision on Reagan's part might encourage Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin to continue stalling on Middle East peace negotiations, and prompt Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov to drag out arms-control talks. The reason: both might hope to get a better deal from Reagan's successor.

Reagan, however, appears to see more domestic political advantage than foreign policy disadvantage in delaying an announcement of his plans. He once explained to reporters, "I think to do it [declare candidacy] too early leaves you open to the charge that everything you do is based on politics. And if you say the other way too soon, why, you're a lame duck prematurely." Aides contend that an early announcement would heighten partisan tensions and thus damage his chances of negotiating compromises on tax, spending and other domestic legislation with the Democrats who control the House. A more strictly political reason for delay: frictions inevitably occur between a President's re-election committee and his White House staff; the longer they can be put off, the better.

Thus one adviser sketches this potential timetable: by late summer Reagan will have negotiated, or failed to negotiate, whatever legislative compromises are possible with the Democrats, and will permit formation of what will be called an "exploratory" re-election committee. He will informally signal his candidacy some time between Labor Day and Oct. 15, but may delay a final announcement until December or even January. To get ready, such key Reagan operatives as James Baker, Michael Deaver and Senator Paul Laxalt have been meeting privately every other week, sketching out campaign plans.

That tentative timetable makes little difference to Democratic candidates, who are already campaigning lustily against Reagan and his policies. But on the G.O.P. side, it immobilizes would-be successors. To stand a realistic chance of winning, such possible contenders as Senators Howard Baker and Robert Dole and Congressman Jack Kemp would need to start organizing and raising money by mid-autumn. Vice President George Bush possesses the remnants of the nationwide network he put together for the 1980 primaries and a basketful of IOUs from Republican congressional candidates for whom he campaigned last fall, and so could start a successful run much later. Indeed, if Reagan were to announce any later than the end of the year that he will not run, he might in effect be anointing Bush as his successor.

Talk of who might follow him, however, brings up the strongest of all evidence that Reagan will run. The President, who clearly enjoys his job, has confided to close aides that he does not see anyone to whom he could confidently entrust the completion of his ideological mission. Baker, Dole or even Bush, he fears, would not be conservative enough; Kemp has the necessary right-wing fervor, but in Reagan's view may not be mature enough yet for the presidency. To White House Deputy Chief of Staff Deaver, the political calculus is clear: "Who else is there? I think Reagan will run." —*By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington*



With his wife Annie at his side, the favorite son of New Concord, Ohio, launches his candidacy

And Now There Are Six

Glenn and Hollings join the Democratic field

It was storybook stuff: the smiling hero returns home to the high school named for him and announces that he will run for President. So it was last week at the John Glenn High School in New Concord (pop. 1,800), Ohio. "All Americans share the simple values we learned in this small town," Glenn said, evoking what will be the central theme of his middle-of-the-road campaign. "Those values are truly the heart of the American experiment, and they must be the soul of government as well."

With those words the first American to orbit the earth became the sixth announced candidate, and perhaps the last, to enter the race for the 1984 Democratic nomination. Glenn's Senate colleague, Fritz Hollings of South Carolina, earlier in the week joined the field, which already included former Vice President Walter Mondale, Colorado Senator Gary Hart, California Senator Alan Cranston and former Florida Governor Reubin Askew.

In the 21 years since his exploits in space, Glenn, 61, has lost one race for the Senate, won another and served eight years in Washington. Even so, he is thought of more as a hero than a politician, an image likely to be reinforced with the release in October of a movie based on *The Right Stuff*, a somewhat irreverent but also heroic book by Tom Wolfe about the astronauts. As an undeclared candidate for the past four months, Glenn has tried to stay above the fray. When he does go beyond comfortable clichés on controversial topics, he tends to focus on technical complexities, prompting another Senator's aide to call him "Jimmy Carter in a space suit."

ATLAN—SYGMA

Hollings brings wit to the fray

Glenn's aloofness from the partisan to-and-fro has also been reflected in his campaign's inattention to grass-roots organizing and political stroking. "We were unorganized in January on purpose," Glenn says, making the reasonable point that a full year before the first primaries is soon enough to begin electioneering in earnest. At the center of the "right stuff wrong staff" controversy is Glenn's campaign manager, William White, a small-town lawyer with a notable lack of political savvy, who has been Glenn's closest aide for nine years. Admits White: "Kennedy's withdrawal did leave us temporarily exposed, and during that time the spotlight on us was a little brighter than we wanted. We weren't quite as organized as we hoped." Lately, however, the campaign has gathered strength. By April, $1.2 million had been raised. Sixty full-time staffers are in place, and veteran Media Adviser David Sawyer has been hired to do television ads.

Glenn's political style is almost the opposite of that of his chief opponent. Mondale, 55, the consummate politician, is wooing a traditional coalition of Democratic voting blocs with calculated passion, soothing rhetoric and promises, promises. By the beginning of April he had raised $2.4 million, far more than any of his rivals. Mondale is going all out in the half-dozen preprimary votes, like the straw poll of party activists in Springfield, Mass., that he won

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This frugal diesel is meanwhile the most *powerful* such engine yet placed in a production automobile. Old images of "diesel lag" are obliterated in a turbinelike rush of energy and brisk acceleration, generated by a built-in turbocharger.

Five adults will find themselves extremely well cared for aboard the 300 SD. Its interior is almost 109 cubic feet worth of first-class repose, outfitted with only first-class amenities.

Yet so disciplined is its design that the car is less than 17 feet long and turns within just 39 feet. At 3,780 pounds, it is neither ponderous nor flimsy but athletically trim.

Its all-welded body achieves remarkable solidity and strength in part by using high strength, low alloy steels. Both the trunk lid and hood are fabricated in aluminum–part of the engineers' relentless quest to pare off weight wherever possible.

Not for boulevards only

If the 300 SD doesn't perform like the usual diesel, neither does it handle like the usual limousine in the clutch.

Mercedes-Benz, refreshingly, assumes that even company presidents must sometimes face switchback curves, slippery spots and potholes. The 300 SD is girded for such adversity: its fully independent suspension, zero-offset front suspension geometry and forged light-alloy wheels may be less showy than opera windows or carriage lamps.

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120 safety features

Passengers are hardly ignored. Twin reading lamps are recessed in the rear of the cabin. There is even a separate ventilation console to serve the rear-seat occupants. The complement of standard features includes electronic cruise control, electric window lifts and front-seat adjustment, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player with four speakers, and trimming in genuine hand-finished woods. No fewer than 120 safety features are also standard.

The 300 SD's history of value retention outstrips that of any luxury sedan extant. In fact, the *N.A.D.A. Official Used Car Guides* for 1982 calculate an average retained value for the 300 SD, over the past three years, of 90 percent. This helps place its $38,000 price in proper perspective.

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two weeks ago. "You never know which of these events is going to be the first real test," says Mondale Strategist Jim Johnson.

Hart, 45, is basing his campaign on a network of grass-roots volunteers and detailed stands on issues. In a book to be published in May called *A New Democracy*, he puts forth a catalogue of specific proposals, including plans for industrial revitalization that call for a stronger Government hand in the economy. With less than $500,000 raised in campaign contributions so far, Hart has begun to concentrate on building up his treasury. He collected $15,000 at a Manhattan cocktail party last week at which Theodore Sorensen, a former aide to President Kennedy, served as host. Hart told the guests that the race was essentially a three-way contest in which he would beat out Glenn in the early primaries to become the sole challenger to Mondale.

This scenario, however, has been challenged by Cranston, 68, who until recently was not considered a credible candidate even in his home state of California. Cranston has scored political points by supporting a nuclear freeze and attracting publicity by outpolling Glenn and Hart in the Massachusetts straw poll. The other theme Cranston stresses is jobs, but his treatment of the issue contains more fervor than substance. As he limply explained in Springfield, "Within one week after election I will formally appoint a full-employment council. I will instruct the council to formalize a plan for full employment." Cranston has raised just under $500,000. According to Campaign Manager Sergio Bendixen, the Senator's strategy is to displace Hart this year as "the clear alternative to Mondale on the progressive side."

Hollings, 61, is well regarded for his wit, candor and legislative acumen in Washington. But he is virtually unknown outside the South, and only little known there. He stresses the need for Democrats to regain their sense of fiscal discipline and has proposed freezing federal spending until revenues can catch up with outlays. "The Democratic Party lost the 1980 election because we lost the faith of the American people," he noted in his announcement last week. "Every time a problem arose, we had but a single solution: spend more money."

Hollings and Askew, 54, are little more than asterisks in the opinion surveys now. Indeed, each of the other candidates now trails Mondale rather significantly. But the first real primaries are still ten months away and, as recent history shows, that is ample time to come from behind. In May of 1975, for example, Jimmy Carter was not even showing up in the polls; in early 1971, George McGovern was running fourth, with 5% support among Democrats. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Barbara B. Dolan/New Concord and Evan Thomas/Washington*

A Party Goes to San Francisco

The Democrats pick Reagan's backyard for their convention

Washington wooed members of the Democratic site-selection committee with Bavarian soufflés, designer tote bags with their names inscribed and a boat trip on the Potomac. Chicago courted them with an energetic mayor-elect and a bubbly champagne brunch. Detroit, with its high unemployment and strong unions, presented itself as an ideal backdrop for Democratic issues.

In the end, however, the party rejected these ardent suitors and opted to go west. Meeting in Washington last week, the Democrats tapped San Francisco as the setting for their 1984 national convention. "We're taking the election right into Ronald Reagan's backyard," said Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt, a Los Angeles lawyer who appointed the 27 members of the committee and who pushed hard to steer the convention into his home state. Said jubilant San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein: "Whoopee!"

San Francisco, which realized that Los Angeles could hardly play host to both the convention and the 1984 Summer Olympics, had to overcome intense eleventh-hour lobbying efforts by Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, Washington Mayor Marion Barry and Chicago's Harold Washington, who argued that the selection of one of their cities would be taken by black Democrats as a significant gesture. When San Francisco won, not everyone took the news well. Snapped a petulant Young: "It is one of the most volatile cities in the country." Complained Chicago *Sun-Times* Columnist Mike Royko: "Do the Democrats want to be thought of as the party of quiche eaters and wine sippers?"

The Democrats last held a national convention in San Francisco in 1920, nominating Ohio Governor James Cox; he was trounced by Warren G. Harding. The Republicans had equally bad luck with the choice they made at the Cow Palace in 1964: Barry Goldwater. This time 5,242 delegates and alternates, along with some 20,000 members of the press and campaign staffers, will see if a winner can be picked at the nearly two-year-old Moscone Convention Center. The weeklong party, scheduled to begin July 16, 1984, will cost the city nearly $8 million and will bring in more than $36 million, according to the estimates of city officials.

Going west: looking for a winner at the Moscone Convention Center

"Do they want to be thought of as the party of quiche eaters and wine sippers?"

When the committee visited San Francisco in March, Mayor Feinstein was ready with an impressive dry run at the convention center. The committee was also feted with a testimonial dinner for a local developer that netted $350,000 for the D.N.C. and promised expanded police security (about 3,500 officers) and as many as 20,000 hotel rooms for conventioneers.

Party leaders brushed aside concerns about possible demonstrations by the city's gay community and the logistics of the Pacific time zone, which may cause some convention events to be telecast in the East after midnight. Manatt argued that the Democrats have neglected the Western states and paid for it in poor showings by the party's presidential candidates in the West since 1972. The last Democratic Convention that went west was the 1960 one that nominated John F. Kennedy in Los Angeles. Said Manatt: "Once every 24 years isn't too often." ■

Sent Home From the Cold

Soviet agents are expelled

Through the dark and cold night, he made his way across the sodden suburban field just outside Washington. The drop was right where it was supposed to be. At the base of a tree, wrapped in a green plastic garbage bag, were eight rolls of undeveloped 35-mm film containing photographs of classified American documents. When he opened the bag, he did not know that the surrounding roads of Montgomery County had been closed or that the FBI was watching. Thus did Lieut. Colonel Yevgeni Barmyantsev, 39, the acting Soviet military attaché in Washington, last week become a prominent figure in the growing Western crackdown on Soviet espionage activities.

The FBI spotlighted others as well. FBI Director William Webster announced last Thursday that the bureau had foiled attempts by Barmyantsev and two other Soviet spies to obtain U.S. secrets. Oleg Konstantinov, 33, an intelligence agent serving at the Soviet mission to the U.N., had been picked up by FBI agents in Manhasset, L.I., in the act of attempting to obtain military aerospace secrets from a U.S. citizen operating "under the control of the FBI," in the cautious words of a bureau spokesman. Konstantinov left the U.S. before he was expelled. Another worker at the Soviet U.N. mission, Alexander Mikheyev, 44, was caught trying to persuade Marc Zimmerman, a staff aide to Maine Congresswoman Olympia Snowe, a member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, to provide him with classified documents regarding Soviet-American relations. Alerted by Zimmerman in advance, the FBI bugged a conversation over dinner in a restaurant on Capitol Hill, where the Soviet official made his pitch. The State Department ordered Mikheyev to leave the U.S. "expeditiously." Intelligence sources played down speculation that there was a direct link in the three cases and implied that they were not the result of information obtained during debriefings of KGB operatives who recently defected to the West. Nor were the cases a retaliation for the Soviets' highly publicized expulsion last month of Richard Osborne, first secretary of the U.S. embassy in Moscow, the State Department insisted. But one official admitted that the decision to make a show of these three cases was taken "because of the publicity given [by Moscow] to the Osborne expulsion."

Despite denials that the spy crackdown last week was part of a coordinated allied counterspy offensive, there has clearly been a hardening line in the West, as evidenced by the ousting of 47 Soviet agents in France in early April. In recent weeks Britain, Italy and the U.S. seem almost in a uniformly tougher mood. Australia became the latest ally to act, evicting the Soviet embassy's first secretary on Friday for having "threatened Australia's national security." Bill Hayden, Australian Foreign Minister, said that an accumulation of suspicious incidents since the arrival of Valeri Ivanov in 1981 had led the government to conclude that he was a KGB officer. Explained a British diplomatic source in London: "While the expulsions were not part of a concerted policy or operation, each in its turn may be said to reflect the determination of all the Western governments not to tolerate Soviet diplomats engaged in spy activities."

Barmyantsev's pickup spot in Maryland

Caught in a counterspy web.

The Kremlin has still not retaliated for France's large crackdown, perhaps because it is anxious to preserve ties with Paris during the East-West propaganda struggle over the basing of intermediate-range missiles in Europe. But Washington expects there will be a return volley against the U.S., probably resulting in the expulsion of a few Americans in a week or so. Western diplomats in Moscow fear that as the list of Soviets being expelled around the world grows longer, the Kremlin will be pushed to react firmly.

Whether or not the counterspy crackdown develops into more than just another symptom of strained Soviet-U.S. relations, it will do little to reduce espionage in the U.S. Of Moscow's 1,000 or so accredited diplomats in the U.S., Edward O'Malley, the head of the FBI's counterintelligence operations, estimates that at least one-third of them are working for the KGB or Soviet military intelligence. ■

Final Judgment

Alabama executes a murderer

John Louis Evans was a punk, a classic posturing punk. After his release from an Indiana prison, he and a buddy he met there went on a cross-country crime spree. Jimmy Cagneys writ small in convenience stores. In Mobile, Ala., on Jan. 5, 1977, they held up a pawnshop. As the owner, Edward Nassar, crawled on the floor, his two young daughters watching in horror, Evans shot him in the back, dead.

Evans never denied the details. Indeed, he told the jurors that if they did not condemn him to death for the crime, he would return to kill them. It took them only 15 minutes to comply. During his six years on death row, Evans alternated between cockily demanding death and pleading for clemency. Finally, after a flurry of last-hour delays, including one on Thursday night, the courts granted what had once been his demented desire.

In a macabre final scene last Friday evening, televised by closed circuit to more than 30 reporters, Evans was secured in the electric chair, known as "Yellow Mama," at the Holman prison near Atmore, Ala. Two guards pulled straps around his shaved head, attached electrodes to his scalp and leg, and left him rigid in the chair, looking small and pale.

The 1,900 volts lasted 30 seconds. Smoke and steam rose from his head. A fiery arc shot from beneath the mask that covered his face. Smoke poured from the electrode on his left leg. Through the rain outside came the mournful notes of taps being played on a trumpet by a prisoner in his cell.

But Evans was not dead. The electrode on his leg had burned through the straps and popped off. His body was motionless, but as the wires were reattached, he moved as if he were trying to draw a breath. Then came the second jolt, again for 30 seconds. Still the doctors were unsure that Evans had expired. His lawyers made a final appeal, conveyed by phone to Governor George Wallace, on the ground that the punishment had become intolerably cruel and unusual. Wallace said no. It took one more jolt, another 30 seconds, to make sure that John Evans, 33, had finally been put to death.

John Louis Evans

Evans was the sixth person to be legally killed since Gary Gilmore's firing-squad execution in 1977 ended a ten-year hiatus in capital punishment in the U.S. More than 1,100 death-row inhabitants face similar fates. One of them is Wayne Ritter, Evans' accomplice, who is scheduled to sit in the same chair in two weeks. ■

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Short Circuit

A setback for nuclear power

The nation's nuclear power industry is already reeling from cost overruns, widespread public doubts and a snarl of ever changing Government regulations. Last week it was dealt another blow: the U.S. Supreme Court, in a 9-to-0 decision, upheld a California moratorium enacted in 1976 that bans certification of new nuclear facilities until the Federal Government finds a way to dispose permanently of the plants' highly radioactive waste products. The ruling, which affects only future construction, opens the door for wider state involvement.

Critical to the court's conclusion was its judgment that the California law was motivated by economic, not safety, considerations. The Atomic Energy Act of 1954 permits states to regulate the economic aspects of nuclear power—issues such as land use, rate making and the need for electricity—and allows the Federal Government to retain complete control of the safety aspects. Because the absence of permanent nuclear-waste dumps could lead to reactor shutdowns and disruption of electric service, said the court, the California statute rightfully protects the state's role as an economic arbiter of nuclear power. "The legal reality," wrote Justice Byron White, "remains that Congress has left sufficient authority in the states to allow the development of nuclear power to be slowed or even stopped for economic reasons."

Other opponents of nuclear power regarded the ruling as a potent new weapon. "The decision is another nail in the coffin of nuclear power," declared Michael Paparian, a lobbyist for the Sierra Club, an environmental organization. "The ruling," said Jerry Brown, who was Governor of California when the moratorium was passed, "further strengthens the power of the states to regulate their own economic destiny."

The ruling should further embolden the anti-nuclear-power movement nationally. Six states already have bans in effect that are similar to California's; other state legislatures are considering comparable legislation. And though the decision does not affect the nation's 83 licensed and operating nuclear facilities, it could encourage efforts to halt completion of the 57 federally approved plants now in various stages of construction. "I'm not arguing that you could pull the plug on every plant that's being built," said Chris Flavin, an energy expert with the Worldwatch Institute. "But the decision may give states an incentive to try."

Nevertheless, industry representatives viewed the ruling as a setback but not a disaster. "It's not a new power," said Carl Goldstein, spokesman for the Atomic Industrial Forum, the trade group for the nuclear industry. "The Supreme Court just reaffirmed the states' traditional authority over economic issues." Said Russell Hawkes, spokesman for Southern California Edison Co., which, with Pacific Gas and Electric Co., brought the original lawsuit: "The decision sets an unfortunate precedent. But it has no immediate impact on our company." Neither utility has plans for new facilities in this decade; none of the state's six reactors are currently running.

Moreover, the industry points to legislation passed four months ago by Congress that establishes a timetable for selection of nuclear-waste disposal sites and methods. Energy Department officials have already announced ambitious plans to pick three sites for exploratory drilling by the end of the summer, a full 15 months ahead of schedule. None too soon: 8,800 tons of toxic nuclear waste are now temporarily stored in pools of water next to existing nuclear plants.

The nuclear power industry could also take heart from another Supreme Court ruling last week: the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) need not consider the psychological effects on local residents of reopening the undamaged reactor at the Three Mile Island nuclear facility near Harrisburg, Pa. The plant's other reactor had broken down on March 28, 1979; neither has been operating since. Leaders of People Against Nuclear Energy (PANE), the citizens group that challenged the start-up, were disappointed but vowed to continue their fight. With NRC approval, however, Metropolitan Edison Co., which operates the plant, hopes to reopen the unharmed reactor in July. ■

New Boss

Presser gets the Teamsters job

It was always Jackie Presser's ambition to be president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, even though he had watched several bosses stumble trying to keep both the Government and the gangsters at bay. Two Teamsters' presidents, Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, went to prison on federal charges of corruption. After his release, Hoffa vanished, presumably rubbed out by the Mob. A third, Roy Williams, resigned the week before last in exchange for remaining free on bail while he appeals his bribery-conspiracy conviction. "That chair isn't a throne," Presser once remarked. "It's an electric chair."

The beefy and colorful Presser, 56, an Ohio Teamsters official, was elected to succeed Williams as head of the 1.7 million-member union last Thursday at an executive-board meeting in Arizona. An eighth-grade dropout, Presser began his career as a jukebox delivery boy. His late father, William ("Big Bill") Presser, a nationally known union leader who served two brief prison terms, helped young Jackie create Ohio Teamsters Local 507 in 1966. It now has over 5,000 members.

Unlike his predecessors, Presser basks in the limelight. He employs publicity agents and has been trying to cultivate a "statesmanlike" image, promising to lead the Teamsters in a "progressive new direction." His supporters say he has the aggressive style of leadership that the union needs. His detractors insist he will be hampered by the allegations of corruption and ties to organized crime that have dogged him over the years. Presser has never been charged with a crime and has denied all allegations. But he is under investigation by the Labor Department for allegations that his Ohio local was signing paychecks for people who did no union work. He takes over at a time when many union members are increasingly restless with the Teamsters' bouts with corruption.

In his acceptance speech last week, Presser sought to give his union a new look. Said he: "While investigations have continued through the years, I am confident, and I do mean confident, that this chapter in our 80-year history is coming to a close." ■

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Sign of the times in the Great Salt Lake: a traffic marker rises over what was once a beach parking lot

Storms Too Hard to Weather

Coping with melting snow, oozing mud and late frost

Tiny Thistle, Utah, a historic railroading town 60 miles south of Salt Lake City, was once considered an idyllic mountain retreat. No longer. Unglued by record spring rains, a 125-ft. wall of muddy earth swept into nearby Spanish Fork Canyon two weeks ago, backing up the small Spanish Fork River for two miles and creating a natural lake, 50 to 80 ft. deep, that has swallowed up the hapless hamlet. Residents of the town's 22 homes fled, and no lives were lost. But despite attempts to drain the new lake, the water has continued to rise at a rate of 4 in. an hour, fed by melting mountain snow. At least part of Thistle could be underwater for good. Commented State Geologist Bruce Kaliser, who claimed the mud bath was the largest in the area in 1,000 years: "It's the year of the slide."

And slides with a slippery slope: some ten miles away, another soggy mountainside began to roll downhill, threatening to divert a river through the town of Payson (pop. 5,000) before it firmed up. In Northern California earlier this month, a mud slide in the Sierras buried a 1,000-ft. stretch of Highway 50 between Sacramento and South Lake Tahoe under 60,000 cu. yds. of mud, rocks and debris. Highway crews, unable to remove the rubble, are now paving over the roadblock, which runs 30 to 40 ft. high in some spots. Mail in the area is temporarily being delivered by the 450-member National Pony Express Association, a private society that operates California's original pony express station, seven miles from the mud slide. Pony postmen include local ranchers, a highway patrolman and two 14-year-old boys.

So it went for the wild, wet West. Barely recuperated from winter storms that pounded Pacific Coast piers and unloaded record snows by the driftful, the region has been drowning in one of the wettest springs ever. Swollen by heavy rain and snow runoff in the mountains, Utah's Great Salt Lake is projected to peak at 4,204 ft. above sea level in June, nearly a foot more than officials estimated only months ago. The culprit: a spate of unseasonably cool, moist weather that has prevented evaporation, which normally acts to counterbalance the effects of the runoff. Damages to property and roadway, now estimated at $20 million to $30 million, could go as high as $264 million this year. Salt water has begun to eat away at the dikes protecting the nine wildlife refuges that rim the lake; about 4,000 acres of fresh-water marsh, home to some 7 million waterfowl and countless shore birds, have been destroyed by the briny advance. Utah officials are considering several solutions, including dams to catch spring snow runoff and an enlargement of the culverts through the railway causeway that slices the lake in half.

Throughout the West, reservoirs are full, rivers are bursting their banks, and the earth, loosened by constant downpours and melting snow, menaces highways and towns. In the mountainous parts of California, unusually heavy snowfalls, now beginning to melt, have raised the specter of unprecedented spring flooding. "The snow in the mountains is 200% above normal," observes Dean Coffey, manager of the San Francisco Hetch Hetchy Water and Power System. "I don't see how we can get away from flooding."

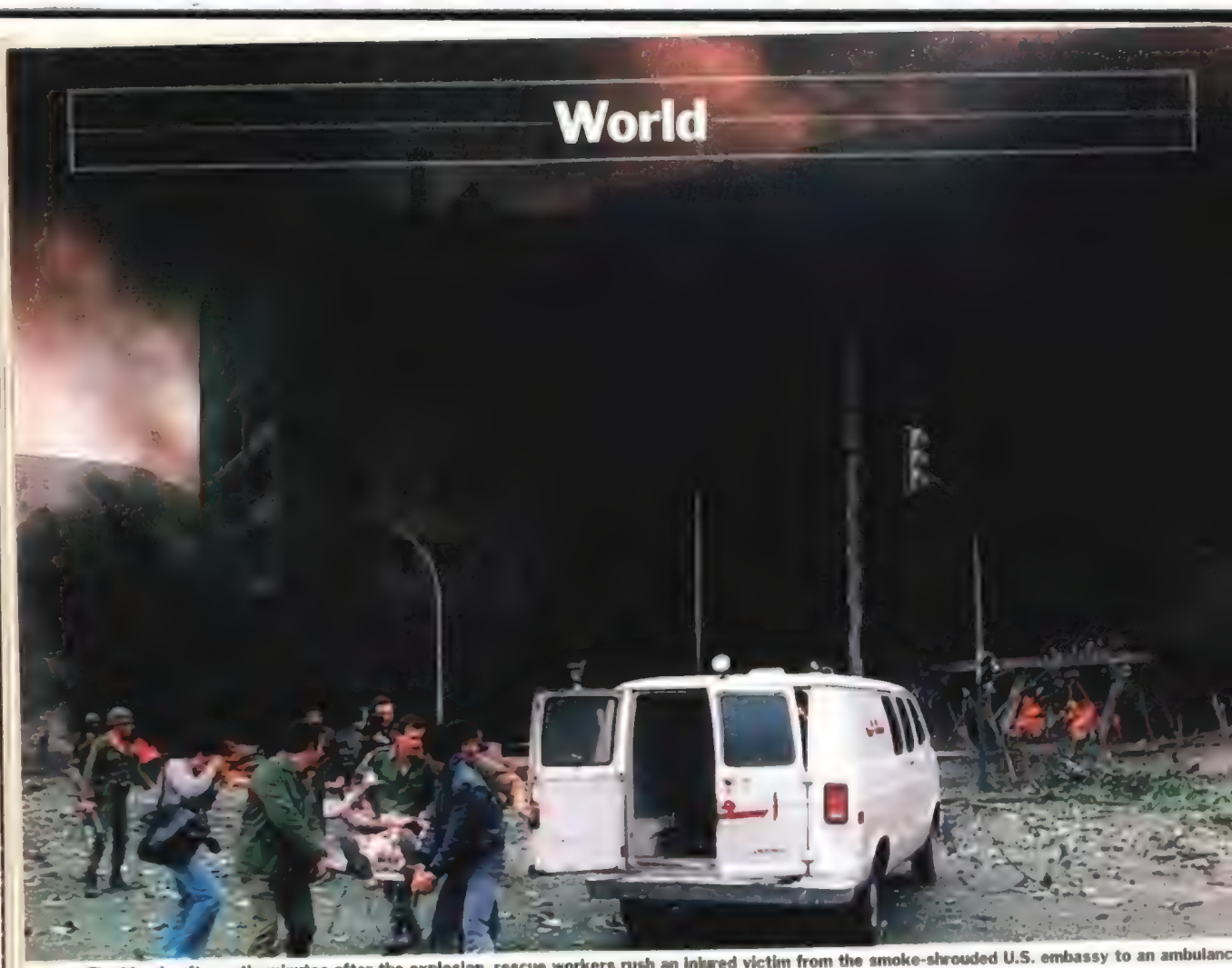
Last month the San Joaquin River, flush with mountain runoff, broke through a levee near Vernalis in Northern California and washed out 10 sq. mi. of prime farmland. Farther upstream, in central California's Kings County, rains had already dunked 70,000 acres in floodwater; the runoff now threatens an additional 20,000 acres. "We're down here like a bathtub without a drain," fretted Farmer Don Gilkey, who had 4,000 of his 10,000 acres drowned.

The soaking was not limited to the West, however. In Connecticut last week, a late spring snow, combined with 8.33 in. of rain that has fallen since the first of the month, made this the wettest April in the state's history. A freak mud slide crushed a house, three cars and two trucks in New Milford. And local officials in Farmington, Conn., airlifted 80 lbs. of dry dog food to a puppy stranded on an island in the whirling waters of the Farmington River. In Vermont, a record-shattering April snowfall, topping 2 ft. in some areas, left more than 40,000 homes without electricity.

A fruitless crop in Georgia

As if that were not enough, a late freeze in the Deep South left fruit and vegetable crops devastated. Heavy rains had already delayed the planting of corn, watermelon and tobacco in Georgia, and rice, wheat and cotton in Louisiana. The apple and peach farmers in the northern part of Georgia found most of their potential harvests frozen on the trees.

What is to blame for the pernicious weather? Meteorologists suspect there are three basic factors: a warmer-than-usual El Niño current from the Pacific, the jet stream pulling cold air down from Canada, and major volcanic activity in Mexico and Hawaii. It has all added up to a volatile mix of weather down below. —*By Susan Tifft. Reported by Jerry Ford/Salt Lake City and Dick Thompson/San Francisco*



The bloody aftermath: minutes after the explosion, rescue workers rush an injured victim from the smoke-shrouded U.S. embassy to an ambulanc

MIDDLE EAST

The Horror, the Horror!

After a murderous bombing in Beirut, Shultz heads for the Middle East

The explosion was over in a flash, but the horror of it all deepened through the week. Day and night, rescue workers picked through the rubble, desperately looking for survivors. Cranes gingerly hoisted slabs of broken concrete up and away from the site, while bulldozers scraped away debris. A searcher somewhere inside the wreckage kept yelling through a bullhorn: "If anybody can hear me, please call for help." No one did. By Saturday, members of the rescue teams were still uncovering corpses buried under the avalanche of what was once the U.S. embassy. At one point, the rescuers pulled the body of a Marine out of the ruins and wrapped it in an American flag. As the figure was placed in a waiting ambulance, a squad of Marines snapped to attention and saluted.

The bombing of the U.S. embassy in Beirut last week killed at least 57 people, 17 of them Americans, and wounded some 100; though the death toll is likely to rise as the search goes on, the assault already ranks as the bloodiest terrorist attack ever against a U.S. diplomatic mission. Ten minutes after the blast, an anonymous caller warned Agence France-Presse that the strike was "part of the Iranian revolution's campaign against imperialist targets throughout the world." The man identified himself as a member of the Islamic Jihad Organization, an obscure pro-Iranian group made up of Shi'ite Muslims loyal to Ayatullah Khomeini. Yet within a day, two other terrorist groups had also claimed responsibility. Though the attacker remains unknown, the motive was not in doubt: to bully Washington and upset the course of U.S. policy in the Middle East.

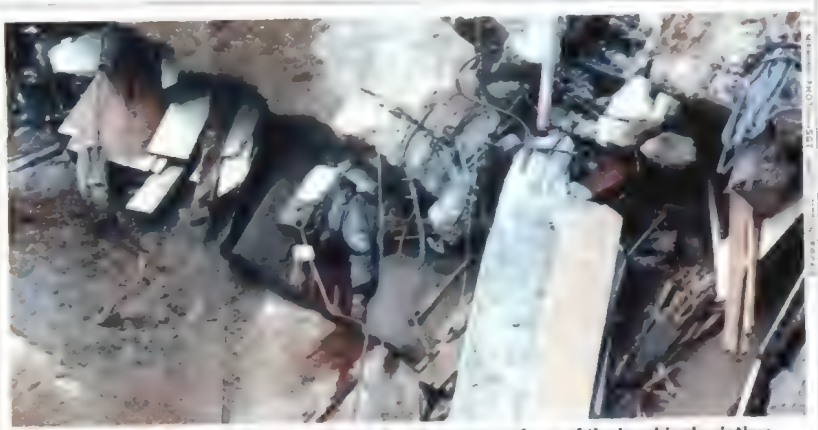
President Reagan quickly reaffirmed his intention to stand by U.S. commitments in the region and, more immediately, to secure the withdrawal of foreign forces from Lebanon. "This criminal attack will not deter us," said Reagan. "We will do what we know to be right." Lebanese President Amin Gemayel, who visited the still smoldering embassy two hours after the attack, echoed that resolve. Said he: "Those responsible for this crime have united in death innocent Lebanese and Americans and strengthened the determination of our two countries to continue to work together." As if to send a signal to the bombers, U.S. Negotiator Morris Draper met with Lebanese and Israeli officials the day after the tragedy to contin-

Later, people came to gawk at the wreckage

ue negotiations on the pullout of foreign troops from Lebanon. Three days later, Reagan announced that he was sending Secretary of State George Shultz to the region this week. His stated mission is to wrap up the withdrawal negotiations, but the hastily arranged trip is also an attempt to revive the President's moribund peace plan, according to which the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip would be linked to Jordan

The attack, nonetheless, renewed concern in Congress about the U.S. role in Lebanon. The House Foreign Affairs Committee approved an Administration request for an additional $251 million in military and economic aid to Lebanon. But the committee attached an amendment that would require the Administration to seek congressional approval before increasing the U.S. contingent of the four-nation peace-keeping force above its present level of 1,500 Marines. Since an agreement on the withdrawal of foreign troops from Lebanon is expected to call for a doubling in the size of the peace-keeping force that the U.S. mans along with France, Italy and Britain, a fractious debate on Capitol Hill is in the offing

The bombing also raised fears that a



Amid the twisted rubble on the upper floors lies the corpse of one of the bombing's victims

Fragments rocketed in all directions, cars burst apart, and windows rattled miles away.

new wave of terrorism may be ready to break over the Middle East. Two weeks ago, Dr. Issam Sartawi, a moderate member of the Palestine Liberation Organization, was assassinated in Portugal, apparently by members of a radical group that had broken away from the P.L.O. As frustration over Israel's settlement policies in the West Bank grows and dissension within the P.L.O. mounts, further acts of violence may follow. Just as worrisome was the fact that the attack on the U.S. embassy in Beirut seemed to signal a more lethal style in terrorist tactics. Though individual diplomats have often been the targets of attacks, and embassies have been fired upon, rarely has a bomb been used to demolish a U.S. embassy and, in effect, murder as many Americans as possible.

Seconds before the explosion, the eight-story building was alive with the everyday activity common to any foreign mission. The consular office on the ground floor was busy with Lebanese applying for visas. Down the hall, many staffers were eating lunch in the cafeteria. At an office elsewhere in the embassy, the CIA's chief Middle East analyst, Robert Ames, was meeting with four colleagues. On the third floor, Public Affairs Officer John Reid was typing a dispatch to Washington. Ambassador Robert Dillon was in his spacious penthouse office with a telephone receiver in one hand and a T shirt in the other, preparing to change for his daily jog with his guards.

At 1:05 p.m. it happened.

"There was a great flash of light and then the blast," recalled Reid, who was thrown to the floor. "Suddenly it looked like the whole room was coming apart in tiny pieces." So powerful was the explosion that sailors on the U.S.S. *Guadalcanal*, steaming five miles offshore, felt the ship shudder. A housewife in a suburb seven miles from the embassy heard her windows rattle. The center section of the horseshoe-shaped building collapsed like the layers of a cake, with glass and metal rocketing in all directions, and the consular section and cafeteria were swallowed up in a ball of fire. Pedestrians strolling along the esplanade in front of the embassy were hit by the flying shards, and cars parked near the building were blown to bits, their fenders and license plates landing a block away. The destructive force could be measured in small but telling ways: a nearby traffic light was melted by the heat of the bomb.

The first moments after the explosion were the most terrible, for amid the chaos no one was quite sure what had happened. TIME Photographer Françoise DeMulder, who lives a few blocks away, heard the roar and raced to the embassy. "Fires were burning and a huge column of black smoke obscured almost the whole façade of the building," she recounted later. "The smoke made it difficult to see just how the building had been damaged. But the devastation all around left little doubt."

Within minutes, Beirut was filled with the wail of fire trucks and ambulances. Lebanese soldiers and Red Cross workers were joined on the scene by French soldiers from the multinational force and members of the Palestinian Red Crescent, a P.L.O.-linked rescue squad. Within 45 minutes, the U.S. Marines had cordoned off the area and taken charge of security. Diala Ezzedine, a Red Cross volunteer, remembers seeing people on the upper floors "screaming and shouting" for help. As firemen poured foam on the flames, others tried to reach workers with a ladder, but it fell short. At one point, Ezzedine was on the fifth floor helping to carry out a wounded staffer on a stretcher. She and her comrades discovered that the only way to reach the stairway was to inch around a chasm above the wreckage. With the help of five people, the man on the stretcher was carefully passed over the hole and to the other side.

Reid, like most of the survivors, managed to make it to a stairway in the virtually undamaged back of the embassy and out a rear exit to the parking lot. Dillon remained pinned under a collapsed wall until a pair of aides freed him by prying off the chunks of concrete with the thick wooden staff of his office's American flag. U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib and Draper were at the Presidential Palace in Baabda, about six miles away, but when word of the blast reached them, a frantic Draper drove immediately to the embassy. He feared that his wife Roberta was in the building that day. After a few tense minutes of searching here and there for her, Draper finally found and embraced Roberta, who

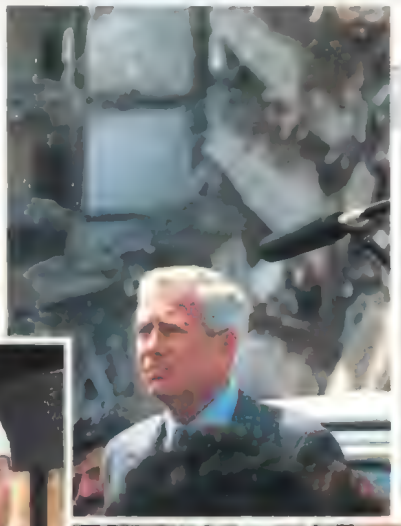
The vehicle carrying the explosives is presumed to have come up the driveway from the left. The bomb **(1)** ripped through the front of the building and destroyed three interior walls. The majority of deaths occurred in the consular visa offices **(2)** and the embassy cafeteria **(3)**. On the top floor, debris from a wall fell on Ambassador Dillon as he talked on the telephone in his office **(4)**.

turned out not to have been in the embassy after all.

With thousands of spectators looking on, the rescuers dragged out body after body from the ruins. The CIA appeared to have suffered the greatest loss: in addition to Ames and the Lebanon station chief, several of the dead are believed to have been agency employees. A few hours after the blast, a worker emerged from the cafeteria with a plastic bag stuffed with human hands. Every so often, a fire would blaze or a steam shovel digging through the rubble would hit a tear gas canister kept by the embassy's Marines, clouding the air with fumes. At night, with the giant floodlights switched on, it looked like a scene from an apocalyptic disaster movie.

As the search for bodies went on, the investigators pieced together how the attack was carried out. According to witnesses, a large van apparently filled with explosives hurtled past a Lebanese police checkpoint and rushed up the circular driveway in front of the embassy. Then, either the driver of the truck set the charge, blowing himself up, or a cohort detonated the deadly cargo by remote control. Authorities have already found pieces of the vehicle they suspect was used in the assault, but they doubt that the evidence will lead them to the killers. Even the magnitude of the explosion was open to question. Experts estimated that the blast carried the wallop of anywhere from 200 to 500 lbs. of TNT.

How could the embassy be so vulnerable? The State Department, it seems, had focused its attention on how to defend the building against the sort of mob that seized the U.S. embassy in Iran in 1979; a lobby wall was thickly armored and contained several gun ports, one of which was hidden behind a portrait of President Reagan. Yet the site remained prey to the most common form of terrorism in Beirut: the car bomb. No gate protected the embassy driveway, and though plans for a wall around the building were discussed frequently, none was ever built. Says a senior U.S. diplomat who spent several years in Beirut: "The department must live with that black mark." Ironically, the embassy may have been more exposed to attack since last summer, when the Israeli army drove the P.L.O. out of the city. For about ten years, the Palestinian group had tacitly agreed not only to refrain from attacking the building but to inform the U.S. of any threats from other quarters.



Vignettes from the tragedy: an uninjured Ambassador Dillon and wounded Public Affairs Officer John Reid; searchers among the ruins; U.S. Envoy Draper hugs his unharmed wife

Even more important to embassy security is the Druze militia of the Progressive Socialist Party, a leftist Muslim organization headed by Walid Jumblatt. The group has long claimed the waterfront around the embassy as its turf, and thus took it upon itself to protect the building. When the Americans opted for safer accommodations during the ten-week Israeli siege of Beirut last summer, the Druze militia kept guard on the deserted building as well as on the nearby apartments of embassy officials. During tense moments Jumblatt's forces still discreetly patrol the area.

The lasting impact of last week's tragedy on the course of events in the Middle East was difficult to calculate. The bombing dealt a psychological blow to Lebanon's efforts to mend itself after last year's war and made the U.S. appear as vulnerable as other countries to the region's violence. Lebanese officials fear that the Israelis will use the explosion to back up their demands for a security zone in southern Lebanon. At last week's session of the withdrawal talks in the Israeli town of Netanya, Israeli Negotiator David Kimche again insisted that his country's soldiers be allowed to accompany their Lebanese counterparts on patrols, while Antoine Fattal of Lebanon insisted that the Israeli role be limited to taking part in "supervisory teams." The distinction is crucial, for the Syrians are not likely to agree to pull their forces out of Lebanon if Israel retains a military presence in the country. The Israeli government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin showed its persistence elsewhere last week by dedicating another new settlement, for 360 Israelis in the occupied West Bank. Some 2,000 members of *Gush Emunim*, the ultranationalist group that has spearheaded the West Bank colonies, attended the ceremony on the cold, windswept mountaintop. To their dismay, they were joined by 8,000 protesters from the Peace Now movement, which opposes Begin's settlement policies.

Only one day after the bombing, most of the Beirut embassy's 341 employees, some of them still wrapped in bandages, were back at work in a string of temporary offices around Beirut. When Public Affairs Officer Reid was asked if he was angry, he replied, "No, not really. You don't know whom to be angry at." His remark pointed up a tragic fact about Beirut: despite the P.L.O.'s withdrawal last summer, the country remains a haven for numerous violent factions, any one of which can strike at any time. As Foreign Minister Elie Salem put it, "Whatever the target, Lebanon is always the victim." And so, last week, was the U.S. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Roberto Suro/Beirut and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

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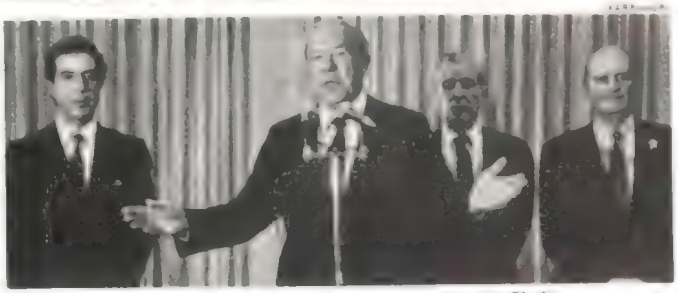
DIPLOMACY

Sensitivity but Not Total Harmony

The U.S. and Mexico seek answers to the region's problems

The airspace over Central America was congested with diplomatic traffic last week, all of it aimed at finding peaceful solutions to the area's violent conflicts. No fewer than ten nations, including the U.S., sent envoys into action. The most visible outcome of the effort was a benign recognition that the Reagan Administration and its most important Latin neighbor, Mexico, were on separate, although slightly more compatible paths as they tried to deal with a serious common crisis.



Firm but friendly views: Mexico's Sepúlveda, left, listens to Shultz

In a 44-hour visit to Mexico City, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan and Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige led the highest-level U.S. delegation yet to meet south of the border with officials of the five-month-old administration of President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado. By the end of the encounter, both sides were happily claiming positive results. According to a State Department official, Mexico showed an "increased sensitivity" to U.S. complaints of Soviet, Cuban and Nicaraguan aggressiveness in fomenting subversion in Central America. Said a senior U.S. diplomat: "There is not total harmony, but there is now a more common perception of the situation." An aide to Mexican Foreign Minister Bernardo Sepúlveda Amor also found the exchange of views worthwhile. Said he: "The U.S. recognized the need to negotiate [a peaceful settlement in Central America]. That's the key for us."

Sepúlveda, an articulate former professor of international law who served as Ambassador to Washington for nine months in 1982, stressed how important the Mexicans consider the subject. As the round of meetings began, he told his American visitors, "We are sure that a rapprochement between the distinct interpretations, perceptions and actions on these problems is not only desirable but rather an urgent condition."

Throughout the discussions, however, officials from both sides retained significant but friendly differences. The U.S. visitors underscored Washington's conviction that the Marxist-led guerrilla insurgency in El Salvador, which is now in its fourth year, is part of a subversive wave that is covertly backed by the Soviet Union and Cuba, as well as by Nicaragua. They explained that the U.S.'s increasingly controversial policies in the region, including economic and military support for El Salvador and sponsorship of a covert insurgency against Nicaragua, are a response to that provocation. Secretary of State Shultz, said a senior U.S. diplomat, "expressed in very firm terms our determination to continue our involvement in Central America until a peaceful solution can be achieved."

For their part, the Mexicans repeated their view that Central America's troubles result from decades of local injustice and oppression. They consider Soviet, Cuban and Nicaraguan meddling at most a secondary factor. The Mexican analysis is part of a longstanding policy of cultivating leftist regimes in Latin America, notably Fidel Castro's Cuba, both as a commitment to Mexico's own revolutionary past and as a kind of insurance policy against new revolutionary adventures on Mexican territory. Nonetheless, U.S. officials were pleased to hear that the Mexicans are now "very disappointed" by Nicaragua's heavy military buildup. Sepúlveda particularly sought U.S. backing for Mexico's year-old call for a negotiated settlement of Central America's conflicts.

Secretary of State Shultz responded, as he has at home, that the U.S. supports the principle of negotiations leading to free elections in Central America. But he noted that the Reagan Administration would continue to block any maneuvers that would allow Latin guerrillas, as Shultz has said, "to shoot their way into power." Washington will also oppose any negotiations that fail to address Nicaragua's support of subversion in neighboring countries like El Salvador. U.S. officials emphasized the need for a multilateral agreement covering all the countries of Central America in order to bring Sandinista adventurism under control. The Nicaraguans doggedly resist the idea, pressing instead for bilateral talks with neighboring Honduras.

While delivering the U.S. message, Shultz and his Cabinet colleagues took pains to show they were not waving a big stick at Mexico. Before the visit, the Mexicans were concerned that the U.S. might use economic pressures to try to change their country's Central American policy. The De la Madrid government is in a critical economic phase as it imposes a tough domestic austerity program to stabilize its nearly $90 billion foreign debt, curb triple-digit inflation and maintain jobs for a labor force that is 10% unemployed and 40% underemployed. But no such heavy-handed U.S. measures were displayed. Cracked Treasury Secretary Regan at one point: "The only clubs I've brought with me are my golf clubs." The cooperative attitude of the American visitors affected the tenor of all the talks. Indeed, the atmosphere at a final commission dinner was described by a State Department official as "giddy."

As the American delegation returned to Washington, Mexican Foreign Minister Sepúlveda flew to another session on Central America, a gathering of nine Latin American foreign ministers in Panama City. But two days later, the meeting of the "Contadora group," as it is known, after the Panamanian island on which it first met in January, broke up without having reached any agreement. The nine ministers eventually agreed to meet again in a month.

MC CORMICK—THE NEW YORK TIMES

Nicaraguan leaders hail Salvadoran Rebel Cayetano Carpio days before his death

A mysterious suicide, Libyan arms and an end to 9-to-5 fighting.

As the week's diplomatic process wore on, the Reagan Administration could savor some small gains in Central America. The first came in El Salvador, where Defense Minister José Guillermo García, 49, announced his resignation. For months, García has been the object of increasing frustration for U.S. military trainers and restive officers of the Salvadoran armed forces. An astute politician, García had been helpful to the U.S. in supporting El Salvador's land-

reform program and curbing the excesses of right-wing Constituent Assembly President Roberto d'Aubuisson. But on the antiguerrilla battlefront, García fought what for its cushy hours became known as a 9-to-5 war. He ignored U.S. advice to use aggressive small-unit patrolling tactics against the rebels, and instead sent major units of the 24,000-member Salvadoran army on wasteful sweeps through the countryside.

García was succeeded by Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, 44, formerly head of the 3,000-man Salvadoran National Guard, some of whose members are charged with murdering four U.S. churchwomen in El Salvador in 1980. The new Defense Minister is expected to turn control of the war effort over to qualified regional military commanders. Says a U.S. military official in San Salvador: "Vides Casanova understands that this war is being fought in the minds of the people and not over a particular piece of ground." A renewed Salvadoran government offensive against the guerrillas is expected within the next eight weeks.

Washington received another boost last week in Brazil. The government of President João Baptista Figueiredo announced that it had seized four Libyan transport aircraft loaded with a reported 200 tons of illicit arms and explosives. The destination of the clandestine shipment: the Nicaraguan capital of Managua. For the U.S., the discovery constituted welcome proof that leftist Central American insurgencies are being abetted from outside the hemisphere. Nicaraguan Ambassador to Brazil Ernesto Gutierrez implausibly said that his government knew nothing about the contents of the airlift.

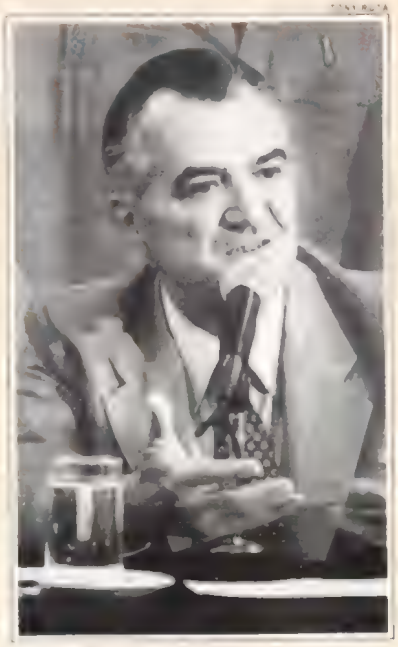
Yet another murky incident unfolded when the Sandinistas revealed the mysterious suicide in Nicaragua of one of El Salvador's most important guerrilla leaders, Salvador Cayetano Carpio, 63. Cayetano Carpio was the head of the rebel faction known as the Popular Forces of Liberation, the most determinedly Marxist-Leninist of the country's guerrilla organizations. According to the Sandinistas, he took his own life on April 12, after the equally mysterious assassination in Nicaragua a week earlier of his No. 2 guerrilla commander, Mélida Anaya Montes, better known as Ana María. The Nicaraguans announced the arrest of five other Salvadoran guerrillas, all members of Cayetano Carpio's group, in connection with the Anaya Montes murder. Among those detained was Rogelio Bazzaglia, described as Cayetano Carpio's "trusted lieutenant." Few people believed the Nicaraguans were telling the whole story behind the two deaths. Whatever the real explanation, the guerrillas and their Nicaraguan supporters had suffered a severe blow. Unanswered, however, was the question of whether U.S. diplomacy could gain any lasting benefit from the week's developments. —*By George Russell. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and James Willwerth/Mexico City*

Austerity and Peace

Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, 48, discussed his nation's role in promoting peace in Central America with 50 American business leaders and journalists traveling in the region on a TIME*-sponsored news tour, and offered his views on how Mexico's pressing economic problems were being resolved. Excerpts:*

On the growing Central American turmoil. For Mexico, the Central American and Caribbean areas represent a vital interest. We are greatly troubled by the events taking place in the area. We believe that if the community of nations of this region allows a war to break out in Central America, it would be very difficult to control. The basic problem of these countries lies in the underdeveloped economic and social state in which their populations suffer. We understand the revolutionary movements we have observed, because the prevailing regimes, notably in the case of Nicaragua, have been dictatorships using violence that reached deplorable extremes. For us, conservative dictatorships are the major manufacturers of domestic violence, revolutions and insurrections.

On regional efforts to find a peace plan. Mexico wishes to join in any attempt to bring about détente in Central America. We believe that sufficient elements exist to conduct dignified and effective negotiations that will satisfy the legitimate interests of the population. Now we have the advantage that other Latin American countries agree with this solution and this strategy, specifically Venezuela, Colombia and Panama. I honestly believe that participation by various Latin American governments may help to bring about the necessary negotiations.



Mexican President de la Madrid

On any military intervention in Central America. We reject the idea. Our position is a symmetrical one. We oppose intervention by the U.S. and by any other country. The solution for us is the suspension of all forms of military intervention by all parties. It seems to me that intelligent action may assure the nationalist character of the revolutionary movements of Central America. If we have peace in the region we can build economic and social development on the basis of the peace.

On the issue of Mexican immigration to the U.S. For Mexicans, the phenomenon is often painful. There are all kinds of human tragedies in this type of movement, often due to the situation that arises occasionally in the U.S. when labor laws are not fairly applied and human rights respected. We know that what we Mexicans must do is create more jobs in Mexico. Together with the U.S. we can find new formulas to solve our problems.

On Mexico's economic troubles. At the beginning of my term, Mexico was facing a very severe economic crisis. We had to combine the need for stringent, bitter and firm measures with the need to uphold our free democratic system. I believe we have stopped the sharp decline left over from 1982 and are now on a stable course, with some ups and downs. We cannot as yet say that we are victorious in our struggle and that the economic crisis is past history. But some positive elements are in sight. We have not during the past five months had massive bankruptcies and layoffs of workers. We have been able to reduce inflation gradually. We were also able to reach an agreement with our foreign creditor banks, which share with us a tendency to favor excessive indebtedness. I would be the first to wish that one morning I could wake to find that we have no problems. But that is not the way things are right now.

FLY WITH THE EAGLES

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GOODYEAR

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GOODYEAR

Prime Minister Bishop in St. George's; Cubans lay asphalt for the new international airport; Soviet advisers stroll on the beach

GRENADA

Revolution in the Shade

A gnat-size island profits by taking potshots at the U.S.

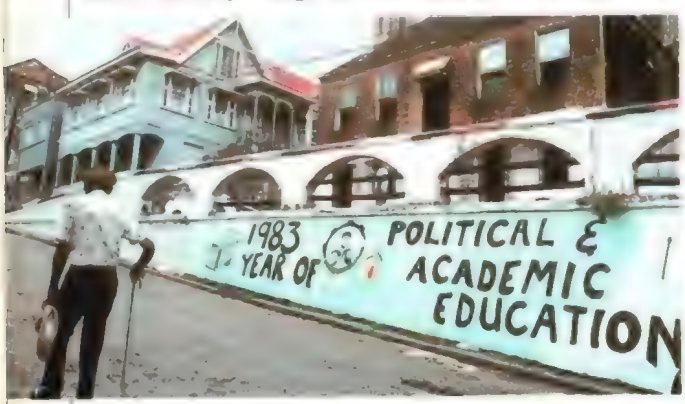
For President Reagan, the tiny Caribbean island (pop. 110,000) represents a threat to the national security of the U.S. The President lashed out at Marxist-led Grenada last month before releasing classified satellite photos of a new international airport being built with Cuban aid. The island's government has been headed by Prime Minister Maurice Bishop since the repressive regime of Sir Eric Gairy was overthrown in 1979. To assess the threat, TIME *Caribbean Bureau Chief William McWhirter traveled to the 133-sq.-mi. island. His report*

The Marxist revolution stopped for Easter weekend, then Easter Monday, then went back to work just long enough for another national one-day holiday to watch a cricket test match before taking the weekend off. That was after Grenada declared a "national alert," announcing that a U.S. invasion was imminent. But while U.S. ships were supposed to be unloading counterrevolutionaries onto the beaches, the People's Revolutionary Government was still encouraging neighboring Trinidad's yachtsmen to hold their annual regatta there. When the Trinidadians asked, naturally enough, if their boats might not run into the U.S. Marines, they were told to come ahead "since the invasion only affects Grenadians."

The Soviets, however, have definitely landed, looking as happy as a charter flight full of sunburned, white-bellied tourists. They do not seem to have changed many of the habits that once spurred reports of unhappy Egyptians, Ethiopians and Mozambicans. The Soviets can usually be found at the beach, in snorkeling gear and Baltic bathing costumes. The island's favorite Russian so far is a chauffeur with steel teeth. He has been nicknamed "Jaws," of course. The Soviets have given the people of Grenada a one-engine crop sprayer and imported two cream-colored Mercedes sedans for themselves. But they are a bit slow on the draw when it comes to parting with nickels on the beach. They have not won the hearts and minds of the straw-doll and coconut vendors, who complain that the visitors bring their own thermos bottles and never buy native coral jewelry.

The East Germans have offered to kick in with a new telephone system, which will be an improvement over the present three long rings and a short, and then dead silence most of the day. The Libyans are present too in one of their "people's bureaus," but they tend to scowl, never remove their hats and announce the same $4 million loan so often that some Grenadians believe that the figure has now risen to $8 million or $12 million. The Cubans seem to be doing the work for everybody else: they have 400 men driving steamrollers and laying down asphalt at the new airport. They also have teachers, doctors and dentists all over the countryside. Most Grenadians tend to salute such revolutionary zeal and dedication, but usually from the shade.

While everyone in Washington is worried about Grenada's exporting revolution, the island is having enough problems trying to import it. English may still be the first language of the island, but it often comes off second best when it comes to translating socialist slogans. The revolution communicates by billboard in the way that Californians do by bumper sticker, posting its noble but often mind-numbing reminders at almost every road turning and intersection: THE LAND IS OUR WEALTH. EDUCATION IS OUR LIBERATION. WORK HARDER. GROW MORE FOOD. BUILD THE REVOLUTION. With equal alacrity, the Grenadians have adeptly copied the dress code of the revolution, and the streets of the port capital town of St. George's are filled with remarkably accurate understudies for Che Guevara. The government's "mass rallies" have got the stem-winding syntax of



Noble but often mind-numbing slogans at almost every intersection; an impromptu cricket match on the beach

Photographs for TIME by Alon Reininger—Contact

fighting socialism down to the last fist-raising rounds of "Long live! Long live!"

All this, of course, should explain why Grenada's revolution has failed. In fact, the country's economy is growing, and a youthful leadership still in its late 30s has proved to be what some neighboring Caribbean governments are not: competent, noncorrupt and capable of actually working harder than its own citizenry. The achievements have often been on a human scale as miniaturized as the island itself: 45 miles of sorely needed new roads, a tripling of fruit and vegetable exports in the past three years, canning, asphalt and concrete-block plants, a 12% drop in dependence on food imports and a 50% increase in fresh-water production since the 1979 coup. The government even managed a $2.5 million surplus in 1982, half of which went to repay the country's past debts. Social tranquillity has appeared: the major crime in Grenada is "praedial larceny," the theft of garden vegetables. Some of the government's highest marks, in fact, come from its chief critics. "I would vote for them if they trusted us with a free vote," says one of Grenada's leading figures in his own twist of sensible island logic. "But they won't, so I'm one of their attackers."

None of the revolution's accomplishments is greater than the $70 million international airport due for completion next year. It may seem extravagant and dangerous to Washington, which fears that Soviet or Cuban military aircraft may want to use the nearly two-mile-long strip, but if free elections were held the government of Prime Minister Bishop would win hands down on just this issue. It may be a matter of national image and prestige: Caribbean islands want their own airports just like some larger countries want their own airlines. The difference is that there is more than vanity at stake. Grenada is a major source of migrant workers in the Caribbean, with maybe three to four times its population outside the country. They still leave and they still come home to the island, each time having to spend a day in Trinidad or Barbados waiting for an air shuttle. Their food-export market to the other, more developed islands will depend on larger planes being able to fly from Grenada. The Grenadians have been asking for this airport for almost 25 years, and the Cubans finally gave it to them. "The one mistake Reagan made was to interfere with the one project he should never touch," commented Bishop.

Each time the U.S. appears to go in for the overkill, it brings Bishop sympathy votes from every island in the Caribbean. The prospect of a U.S. invasion was almost a compliment, as if the ultimate accolade in the Third World is to be invaded by the U.S. Nor has it been lost on the other islands that Bishop's Marxist alliance has financially earned Grenada more than its neighbors, some of whom are still waiting for their promised share of the U.S. Caribbean Basin Initiative. ■

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Threatening a "Second Lesson"

China and Viet Nam exchange angry words and artillery fire

The Chinese government hereby issues a stern warning to the Vietnamese authorities to stop immediately their armed provocations, or China will reserve the right to fight back.

That menacing statement, issued by Chinese Foreign Ministry Spokesman Qi Huaiyuan last week, was not a threat of out-and-out war. But neither was it idle propaganda. In a steadily escalating exchange of artillery fire across the Sino-Vietnamese border, China made it clear that it was prepared to retaliate against what it saw as Vietnamese provocation along the countries' common 800-mile border. More important, the cross-border incidents were part of a Chinese effort to intimidate Viet Nam at a time when the Hanoi government was stepping up its offensive against the rebels who oppose Viet Nam's occupation of neighboring Kampuchea. Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Kampuchean ruler who now heads the anti-Vietnamese resistance movement, acknowledged as much when he declared at a Peking news conference, "The more China intervenes against Viet Nam, the more we are satisfied."

The current episodes are the most serious flare-up of border tension since May 1981, when China claimed that its soldiers had killed 150 Vietnamese troops in a single engagement. Throughout the week, according to reports from Peking, Chinese militiamen killed at least 37 Vietnamese soldiers in four or more incidents in Yunnan province. In the meantime, said the New China News Agency, Vietnamese gunners opened up on a district in the Guangxi Zhuang autonomous region, damaging the primary school, the bank, the food-grain management office and a hospital.

Diplomats in Peking generally agreed that China was not on the verge of "teaching Viet Nam a second lesson," as it had been threatening to do off and on since the four-week-long Sino-Vietnamese war of February and March 1979. At that time, China had justified its brief invasion of Viet Nam as a "lesson" designed to discourage the Vietnamese from engaging in any more troublemaking along the border. But for the past several weeks, the Chinese have been upset about Vietnamese attacks on Kampuchean refugee camps located along the border between Kampuchea and Thailand. The Chinese were particularly alarmed when the Vietnamese carried their war right into Thailand, shelling Kampuchean refugee camps and also hitting Thai villages.

China's main grievance against Viet Nam is that, with Soviet assistance, Hanoi has come to dominate Indochina and now seeks to eliminate in Kampuchea the last remnants of Chinese influence in the region. To counter the Soviet presence, China backs the Sihanouk-led coalition of rebels who oppose the puppet government of Heng Samrin that Viet Nam installed in Kampuchea in 1979. China's Vice Premier Wan Li expressed his support directly to Sihanouk in a meeting in Peking last week. The Chinese have given him $100,000, Sihanouk said, to be divided among the three factions of the coalition opposed to Viet Nam's occupation of Kampuchea. ■

Chinese army patrol unit on maneuvers within sight of the Sino-Vietnamese border

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WEST GERMANY

Black Ink and Red Wax Swastikas

A cache of purported Hitler diaries comes to light

When Adolf Hitler shot himself in his Berlin bunker on April 30, 1945, he left behind few written documents about either his public or private life. The gap may now be filled. The weekly West German magazine *Stern* has announced that it obtained 62 volumes of personal diaries that the Führer had written by hand during his dozen years in power. The new documents could prove immensely valuable to historians studying Hitler's personality and actions.

Stern (circ. 1.87 million) this week will publish the first of numerous installments from the black leather-bound diaries, which date from June 1932, seven months before Hitler became Germany's Chancellor, to mid-April 1945, just two weeks before his death and the fall of the Third Reich. Each volume contains from 75 to 100 pages, written in black ink, many bearing Hitler's signature at the bottom. Upon completion, each diary was wrapped with a thin red cord and sealed with a red wax imprint of the swastika.

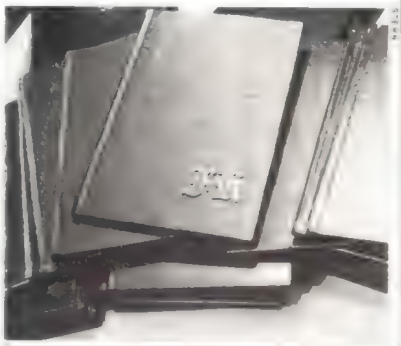
According to *Stern*, one volume is devoted to Hitler's account of the 1941 secret mission by his deputy Rudolf Hess to Britain to try to persuade the British to sign a peace agreement. Other entries deal with the 1940 British retreat at Dunkirk and the amorous activities of Chief Propagandist Josef Goebbels.

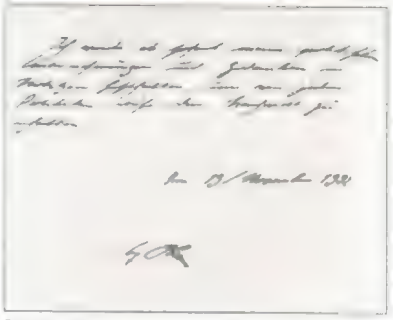
The first batch of entries, excerpted in the London Sunday *Times* this week, were skimpy but they nonetheless made fascinating reading. Hitler's scribblings ranged from the commonplace ("Suffering more and more from insomnia; indigestion getting even worse," from April 1938) to the conspiratorial (on Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo: "I shall show this deceitful small animal breeder, this unfathomable little penny pincher with his lust for power, what I am really like," from Nov. 11, 1939).* At another point, the diarist related how Storm Trooper Chief Ernest Roehm "lied to me and deceived me," and then displayed his disgust with all his generals by commenting, "I absolutely need a new military command." Only one adviser seems to have earned his respect: Personal Secretary Martin Bormann. "This man Bormann has become indispensable to me," Hitler wrote on March 27, 1945. "If I had five Bormanns, I would not be sitting here now."

Yet Hitler was also capable of showing grudging admiration for some opponents. On Sept. 30, 1938, the day after Britain, France and Italy agreed to slice up Czechoslovakia at Germany's behest, Hitler wrote of British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain: "He nearly outsmarted me. This smoothie Englishman . . . I would have made quite different conditions for [Italy's Benito] Mussolini and [France's Edouard] Daladier, but I couldn't do so with this cunning fox Chamberlain." Hitler expressed worries about the health of "E," his mistress, Eva Braun, and curtly dismissed the unsuccessful 1944 plot by army officers to assassinate him. "Ha, ha, isn't it laughable?" he wrote in July 1944. "This scum, these loafers and good-for-nothings. These people were bunglers." The last entry in the final volume is undated, but was undoubtedly composed in the Führer's bunker in mid-April 1945 as the Allies encircled Berlin: "The long-awaited offensive has begun. May the Lord God stand by us." Within two weeks, Hitler was dead and the war was over. *Stern's* publishers described the diaries, which are part of a cache that includes documents, drawings and other memorabilia that Hitler purportedly collected for his archives, as "a fantastic and historic find." But the publishers refused to give many details on how the items came into their possession. A magazine executive would go only so far as to say enigmatically that "it all started with a call from a public telephone booth. After that, it was just good, thorough reporting."

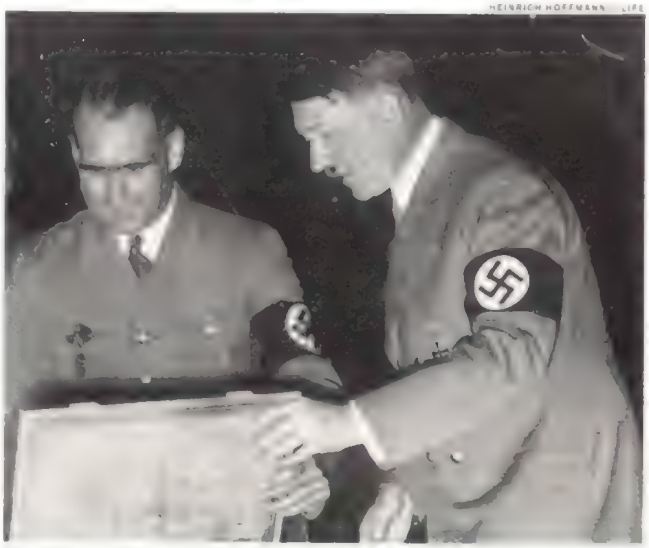
Stern says that the materials were put aboard a Luftwaffe transport plane a few days before Soviet troops marched into Berlin. The plane headed for a small airfield near Salzburg, from where the cargo was to be transported by truck to Hitler's Alpine retreat at Berchtesgaden. A U.S. fighter, however, shot down the plane en route on the morning of April 21, 1945. It crashed near the tiny village of Börnersdorf in what is now East Germany. According to British Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, whom the magazine invited to examine the documents, an officer of the Wehrmacht retrieved the materials that had survived the crash and concealed them in a hayloft for nearly 35 years. Three years ago the former officer, then 80 years old and living in Switzerland, handed over the documents to Gert Heideman, an enterprising Hamburg journalist and lifelong collector of Nazi memorabilia. Heideman had succeeded in tracking down the Wehrmacht officer after pursuing a long trail of clues that led from Börnersdorf through Western Europe and South America.

The documents, Trevor-Roper wrote in the London *Times* last Saturday, were then apparently smuggled out of East Germany and stored in the vault of a Swiss bank. It is not clear how they then came into the possession of *Stern*. But once the magazine had acquired the diaries, it launched an extensive worldwide investigation to verify





Diaries, above, and page of first volume



The Führer with Hess, whose ill-fated trip is described in the documents

The papers had apparently been hidden in a hayloft for 35 years.

*Himmler nonetheless remained in Hitler's top command until the last days of the war

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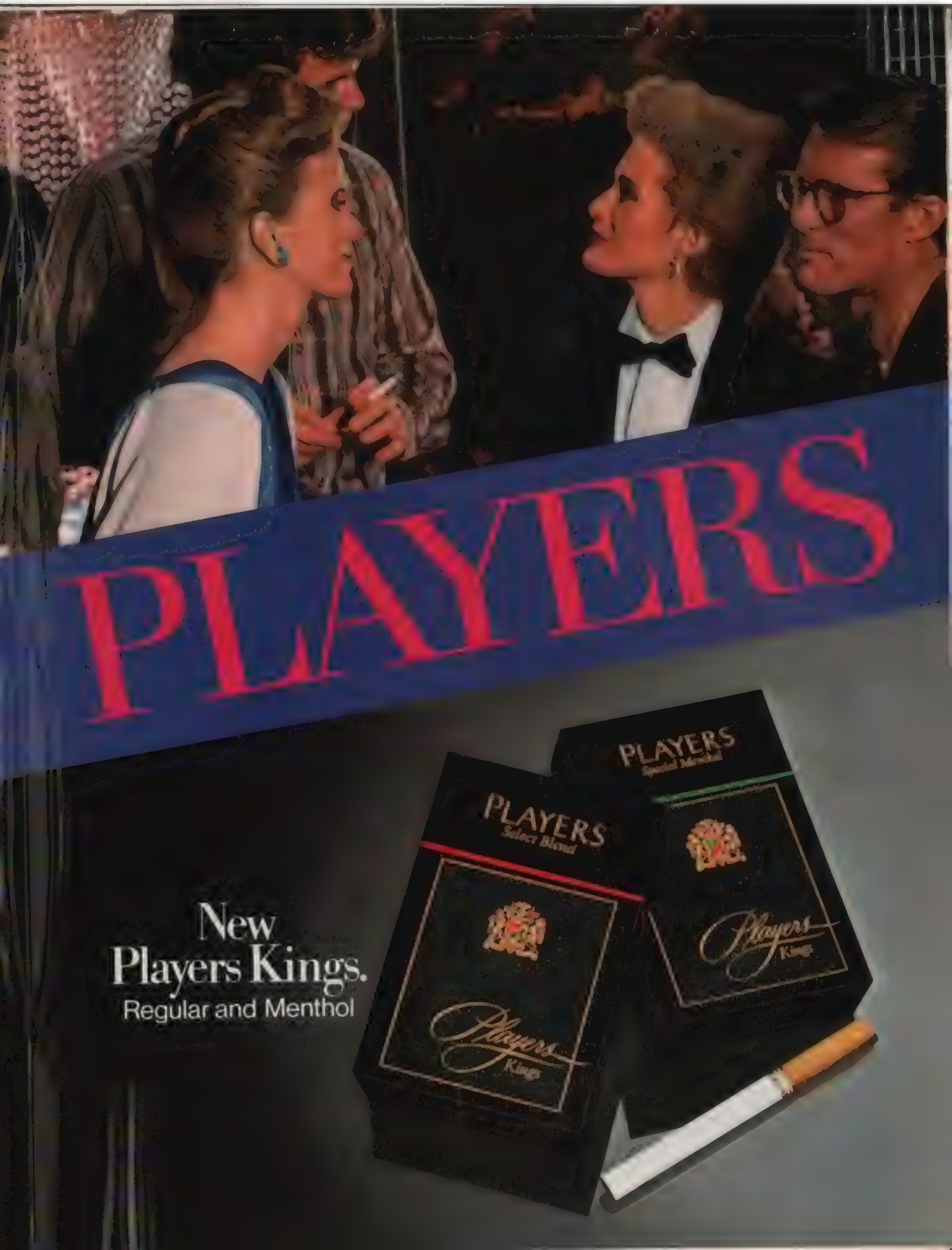
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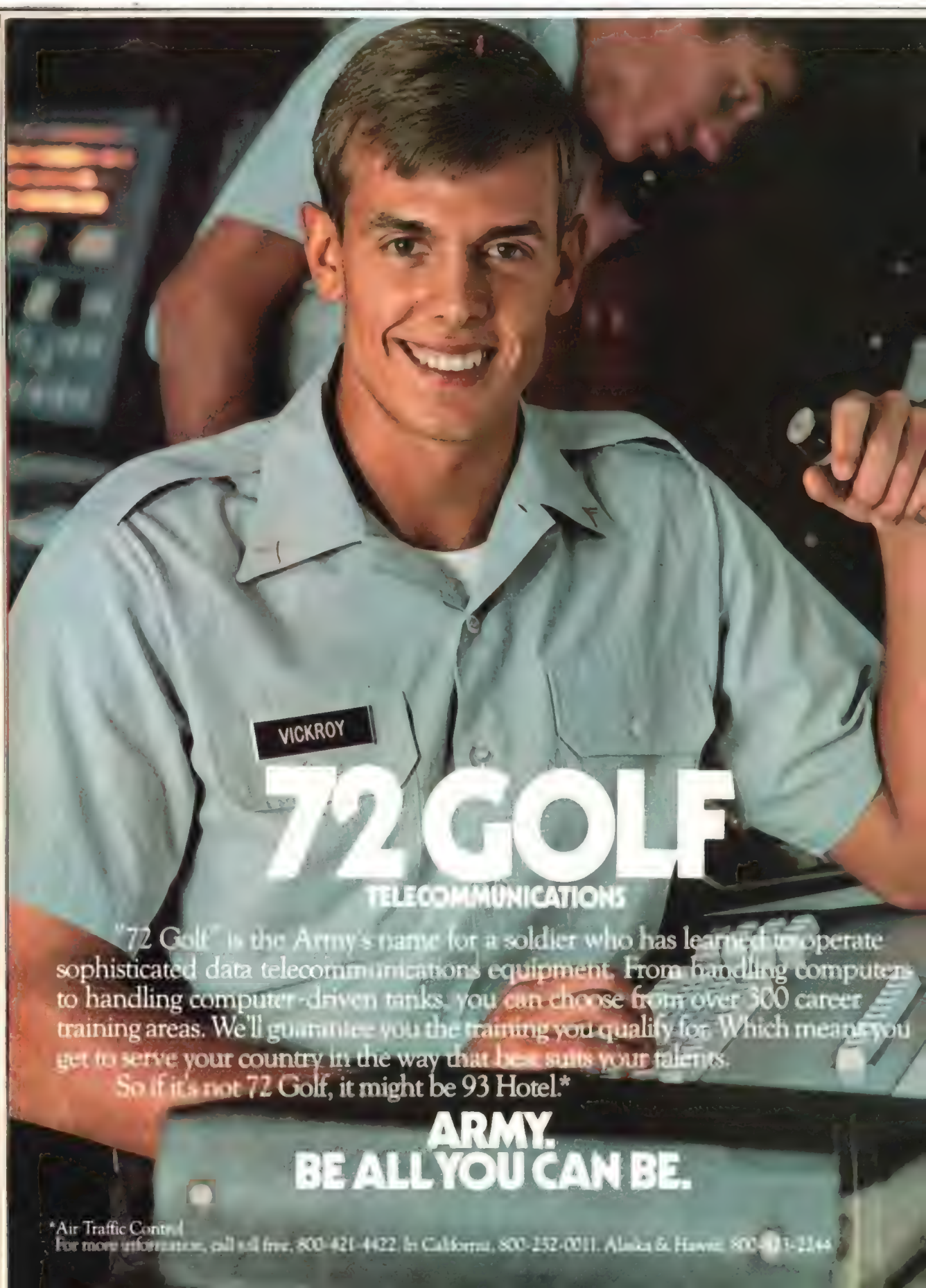

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their authenticity. *Stern* says that members of its staff managed to interview villagers who were eyewitnesses to the crash.

According to the London *Times*, chemical analyses of the paper and ink were then conducted. Wrote Trevor-Roper, the author and editor of several books on Hitler: "When I had entered the back room in the Swiss bank and turned the pages of those volumes, my doubts gradually dissolved. I am now satisfied they are authentic." Trevor-Roper says that notes pasted on many of the diaries' covers state that they were the personal property of the Führer and that in the event of his death, they were to be given to Julius Schaub, his longtime adjutant and friend, and passed by him to Hitler's sister Paula.

Trevor-Roper explains that he gave particular weight to a remark Hitler had made to Hans Baur, his personal pilot, who has written that Hitler became furious when he learned that the flight had crashed. "In that plane were all my private archives, what I had intended as a testimony for posterity!" Hitler shouted. "It is a catastrophe!"

According to Trevor-Roper, nearly half the paintings and drawings by Hitler have been destroyed. Among the 400 that were aboard the ill-fated Luftwaffe transport are many sketches of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun, including some nude drawings. The other finds, Trevor-Roper says, will astonish historians, and standard accounts of Hitler's writing habits, personality and even some public events may have to be revised. They include whole volumes written by Hitler on Jesus Christ, Frederick the Great and himself, as well as a third volume of *Mein Kampf*. Writes Trevor-Roper: "It is the other documents which convinced me of the authenticity of the diaries, for all belong to the same archive. Whereas signatures, single documents, or even groups of documents can be skillfully forged, whole coherent archives covering 35 years are far less easily manufactured."

Several West German historians, while admitting that they have not seen the documents, expressed doubts about their authenticity. Said Hitler Scholar Helmut Krausnick: "I have never heard of such Hitler diaries, and no evidence of their existence has ever been found before." Said Hamburg Professor Eberhard Jaeckel: "Hitler was a man who shied away from putting things down on paper."

Stern says it is convinced of the authenticity of the diaries. "We have been extraordinarily careful," declared an executive. "It is a matter of responsibility but also of pride. Nobody likes to be the victim of a hoax." To allay any lingering doubts, *Stern* announced last week that it would eventually turn the diaries over to the West German national archives, where historians will be free to examine them in detail. —***By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London and B. William Mader/Hamburg***

POLAND

The May Day Question

Will the Pope make his planned homecoming visit?

Though it is still more than six weeks away, Pope John Paul II's scheduled visit to his homeland has already set off a deepening struggle between Poland's military regime and the underground leaders of the banned Solidarity union. Last week former Union Leader Lech Walesa was detained for questioning by police for the third time in seven days. Yet after his release, Walesa went ahead with a planned press conference in which he reminded the government of Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski that Solidarity supporters "remain and will remain a moral force without which Poland cannot overcome its crisis."

Walesa at his Gdansk apartment last week
Vowing to remain "a moral force."

Neither side wants to risk a violent showdown that might jeopardize the Pope's visit. But that has not prevented a series of prudent skirmishes. The Communist leadership hopes the trip will demonstrate to the world that life in Poland has returned to normal. As if to emphasize that fact, Walesa received permission to resume the job of electrician, which he once held in the Gdansk shipyard. Still, the government during the week arrested some 30 Solidarity supporters suspected of planning unofficial protest demonstrations for the May 1 workers' holiday. At his press conference, Walesa protested that the union members had no intention of fomenting disorder. "If no one beats us," he said, "there will be no threat from us." Moreover, he is counting on the papal presence in June to raise the morale of the dispirited population.

The church has tried to stay out of the fray. Celebrating an open-air Mass for 20,000 people who had gathered to mark the arrival in Warsaw of the *Black Madonna*, Poland's most revered religious painting, Roman Catholic Primate Józef Cardinal Glemp told the hushed crowd, "This will be a decisive year for Poland, a year that will define the direction of her development." Glemp carefully avoided any reference to the May 1 protest. But later in the day, before another Mass in the port city of Gdansk, the Polish Cardinal spent about half an hour talking with Walesa. Both men favor negotiations between the government and Solidarity. In their view, the papal visit looms as a major opportunity to prepare the way for a new dialogue. The Catholic hierarchy thus opposes anything that could threaten that hope.

At times last week, the government seemed to be a bigger threat to itself than Solidarity did. In one clear public relations mistake, the authorities mounted a crude display of force against an unofficial ceremony to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the Warsaw ghetto uprising. A crowd of 1,000, including scores of foreign guests invited by the government, approached the plaque designating the place from which 300,000 Polish Jews were transported from Warsaw to Nazi death camps. After flowers were laid at the memorial, armed militiamen ordered the gathering to leave on the ground that "it is not an official occasion." They arrested Solidarity Spokesman Janusz Onyszkiewicz, who had pointedly told the crowd that "if the heroes of the ghetto lived today, we firmly believe they would join us in our fight for freedom, truth and human dignity."

The government was just as insensitive at the official ceremony two days later. Some 650 Jewish delegates from abroad were outraged when the Palestine Liberation Organization's representative, Foudad Yaseen, laid a wreath of flowers and said, "We have laid a wreath in homage to Jewish victims of Nazism. Palestinians are the victims of a new Nazism." Asked who were the new Nazis, Yaseen replied, "The Zionists and the Israeli government." In protest, four Israeli officials withdrew from the ceremony. Said one: "We have been deceived by the Polish government."

As the May 1 deadline approaches, so-called military operational groups will be going across the country, as they did just before the martial law crackdown. Ostensibly, their mission is to inquire about living conditions and investigate complaints. They will also be there to remind Poles who is in charge. ■

Nastassia, Isabella, Joanna—elegant names, radiant new beauties in the world of movies and modeling. Their allure is distinctively European: it starts with their wide, serious eyes which do not blink at fame

COVER STORIES

A Sensual Child Comes of Age

Innocent and wanton, Nastassia Kinski is a movie star in search of a star's movie

Who loves you, baby? Who watches you and watches over you? Who protects and exposes you? Who finds poetry in every pore, grace in your limbs, mystery behind those eyes? Whose passive power turns you on, gets you acting and acting up, captures your gifts? Who can never forget you? Who is your perfect lover, baby? The camera is.

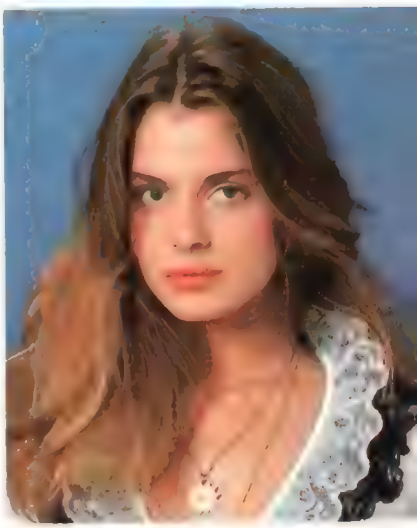
The camera loves Nastassia Kinski. Every feature of her young body comes to life before its lens. The wide, gray-green eyes send out satellite signals of precocity or perversity. The dewy skin holds, on the left cheek, a tiny scar, like a bookmark in a turbulent autobiography. The lips, extravagantly full, can pout or preen or tauten resolutely or open in an elfin smile. The long Botticelli neck carries the eye to a strange and strong body, with delicate breasts, expressive musculature and the strong haunches of a peasant girl or a centaur. Kinski is a true camera animal because these disparate, classically mismatched parts combine sensationally well. Looking at her, the spectator is drawn to look into her—to search those eyes, that face and body, for the real Nastassia Kinski. But because she is a true camera animal, the real Nastassia Kinski may not exist. She is a fiction, a bewitching fairy story written by the collective imaginations of her directors and photographers, her public and herself.

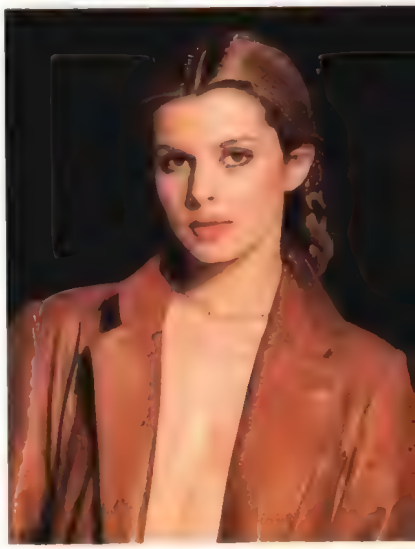
For more than a century, the camera has conspired with artists and models to create successive ideals of allure. One early ideal was Parisian: gaunt and *haut monde*, with cheekbones so prominent you could cut your finger on them, if you dared touch them. Then, as the Hollywood cinema shouldered its way to eminence, the world standard became the active, approachable American woman, radiating health and common sense. Now there is another ideal, a new symmetry of features raising its profile in still and moving pictures. It sells mood, merchandise, magazines and, soon, movies. It holds all the history and mystery of an older world, all that intelligence and sophistication, but with one bright eye fixed on the dream of international stardom. It is the new face of Europe.

Behind this face is a restless, ambitious spirit. She is not content with being merely a model, only an actress; she demands a kind of Renaissance celebrity. Isabella Rossellini, for example, could have decided to coast through gossip pages as the gorgeous daughter of Ingrid Bergman and Italian Film Master Roberto Rossellini. Instead she has become a journalist, a television performer, a film actress and, on a whim, one of the fashion world's most sought-after models. Joanna Pacula rose quickly through the disciplines of theater, film and TV acting in her native Poland; now she has the female lead in the Hollywood adaptation of Martin Cruz Smith's bestselling novel *Gorky Park*, and oh yes, she dazzled *Vogue* readers with a recent photo session.

As fashion's foremost photographer for 30 years, Richard Avedon can sense this overseas change: "The girls who are most successful on *Vogue* covers now are romantic heroines. The look started with Nastassia and Isabella, who, with their sensuous and serious eyes, could be sisters. They share a quality I'd thought stopped with Audrey Hepburn. There's a return to calm—but with no loss of turbulence."

Of all the new European beauties, it is Kinski, 22, who reconciles most fully the conflicting pulls of a multimedia career. She is primarily a movie actress, who came to international prominence three years ago as the naive heroine of Roman





FOUR MOODS OF NASTASSIA KINSKI

"Like a lot of beautiful women, Nastassia doesn't like her own looks," says Photographer Denis Piel. "And yet the very things she doesn't like—her lips, her nose, her legs—are what make her so attractive. It will take time, but one day she'll wake up and realize that she's a beautiful woman and a very fine actress."

A DAZZLING MODEL AT WORK

"Nastassia's acting experience doesn't really help her as a model," says Photographer Christian Simonpietri. "When you act, you're someone else. When you pose for a still camera, it's you. She's often surprised with the results. After a session she'll look at the photos and ask, 'Am I like this?' "

Polanski's *Tess* and, previously, as Polanski's teen-age sprite-mistress. But if there is a single image identified with her, it is not from *Tess* or any of the ten other films she has made. It is Avedon's 1981 photograph of a python draped around the nude Nastassia's 5-ft. 7-in. frame. The snake is doing its manful best to embrace her; she wears the thing as insouciantly as if it were a feather boa. The avid male can decode several messages here, none of them comforting: Nasty is Eve, and this Garden ain't big enough for the three of you; Nasty is a pansexual wood nymph, as likely to cohabit with reptiles as with humans; Nasty can charm a snake, so you tangle with her at your own risk. Another message is clearer still: this wild child will do anything for the camera.

The sexual challenge, childlike arrogance and mischievous humor of that picture are qualities that Kinski was already bringing to the screen. In *One from the Heart* she was a circus performer, walking the high wire of fantasy above Francis Coppola's working-class love story. In Paul Schrader's *Cat People*—her most seductive performance and most frustrating film—she was a descendant of leopards, torn between human love and animal passion. And in James Toback's *Exposed*, which opened last week, she plays a girl from the American Midwest who escapes to New York and a high-fashion career, only to step into the crossfire between political terrorists and a vengeful militant, played endearingly by Rudolf Nureyev.

All these films were unsatisfying, if provocative, and *Exposed* is a giddy, goofy shambles. But Kinski deserves credit for daring to embody the disturbed visions of directors like Schrader and Toback. "I guess I've been a creature of the director's imagination," she confides in a dusky, lilting English, one of four languages she speaks fluently. "You see, I want to get a glimpse of his eyes searching out things inside of me. I want to go to hell and to heaven for him. I want to make his dreams come true." In these films, she did attain one dream: to remain untainted by their lapses and excesses, and still attract a crowd. Recently, Henry Kissinger came to visit the set of Nastassia's new movie. He shook her hand and said, "I saw you turn into a panther." That will do as a definition of star quality.

Now some of Hollywood's Important People are detecting that radiance. Kinski's American career, which had seemed close to derailment after the flops of *One from the Heart* and *Cat People*, is skimming along smoothly. Last year she made three movies—*Exposed* in English, *Moon in the Gutter* in French and *Spring Symphony* in German—and now she is shooting her first Hollywood comedy, *Unfaithfully Yours*. Says the film's director, Howard Zieff: "She has great instincts. She still hasn't cracked the surface of all that beauty and talent. She's going to be a big star." Co-workers find a festival of movie stars in her face: Ingrid Bergman

and Brigitte Bardot, Sophia Loren and Audrey Hepburn. According to Toback, Norman Mailer scanned the rushes of *Exposed* and declared that she had the same qualities as Marilyn Monroe.

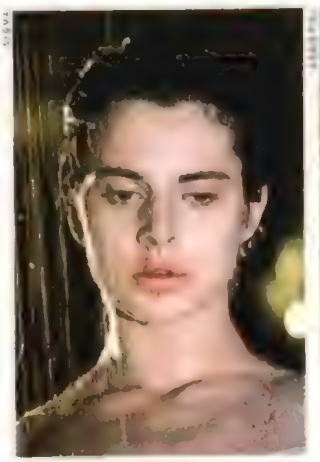
This hallelujah chorus is likely to swell next week, when the Cannes Film Festival puts Kinski's latest two films on display. In Peter Schamoni's *Spring Symphony*, a brisk biography of the courtship of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, Kinski has the rare opportunity to play a vibrant, gifted, *normal* young woman in love with her art and her artist, and she accedes to the challenge handsomely.

Moon in the Gutter, the second film at Cannes, is something more: a delirious summary of all earlier Kinski heroines, and of just about every bedizening movie technique. No surprise here: the director is Frenchman Jean-Jacques Beineix, whose previous film was the scarily assured *Diva*. *Moon in the Gutter* marks a significant advance over *Diva* in coherent style. Here, each kaleidoscopic effect, each slash of color, each gliding camera movement serves the story of a dockworker (Gérard Depardieu) who falls under the spell of an enigmatic Circe (guess who?). Kinski's first appearance, at the door of a sleazy waterfront bar, gets the full star treatment. There she stands, looking great in soft curls and soft focus, as the violins swell deliriously and a sultry breeze, blowing from inside the bar, fingers her dress. It is one of the sexiest entrances since Garbo slouched into a similar joint 53 years ago in *Anna Christie*.

"The woman she plays resembles a star," says Beineix. "With one look, she lights up Gérard's night. She is fragile and yet a hunter, dominating and perhaps dangerous. Nastassia was perfect for the role. I was completely seduced by her. I caressed her face on my editing table. But I found that she requires a lot of care, love and work. She makes great demands—and woe to the director who cannot satisfy them. You have to be strong with Nastassia. Otherwise she will devour you."

The actress who elicits all this hyperbole—panther, devourer, new Marilyn—is the product of a remarkable, almost incestuously close family. "To look into Nastassia, you must look at her parents," says Actor Armand Assante, who knows the whole family. "Her mother is a poet, her father is possessed." Klaus Kinski, 56, is a sacred monster among movie actors, modern cinema's great eccentric villain, the star of Werner Herzog's *Aguirre the Wrath of God* and *Nosferatu*, with the haunted face of a Byzantine warrior-poet and a reputation as a defiantly difficult performer. Says his daughter: "He's got eyes like hell and the sky at the same time." But for his young wife Ruth Brigitte and their infant child 20 years ago, life with Klaus sounds more like hell.

"Living with him was like being onstage, every day and night, in Kafka," recalls Brigitte, 42. "He was extremely jealous. It was as if he had built a private



A NEW STAR OF MOVING PICTURES

From the top: as the victimized heroine of Tess; *as the seductive panther woman of* Cat People; *playing a high-fashion doll in* Exposed; *and as a mysterious* femme fatale *in* Moon in the Gutter. *"She's very concentrated, very intense," says Dudley Moore, her co-star in* Unfaithfully Yours. *"She's a terrific actress."*

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religion around us: Madonna and Child." Nastassia concurs: "My mother wanted to work in movies, and people asked her to. But he just wanted her to be a mother, be a wife, be this Venus, a planet he could land on at any time." Klaus had another obsession: to build a ship that would never touch land. "Someday we'll be on the ocean," Nastassia remembers him saying, "and play with the fish and never be dependent on anybody." But this would-be Flying Dutchman left for good when Nastassia was eight and has seen her only a few times in the past decade. Today he says, "I don't need a Bible to tell me I'm doing wrong a hundred million times in my life. But Nastassia should know I've loved her always, always, even before she was born."

With Klaus gone, Madonna and Child created their own world. "My mother and I built this strangely close relationship," Nastassia says. "She's like the sun coming up to me. In this jungle around us she protects me, like the lion's mother. When we talk it's total ecstasy. She's the only person I know I could love." Actress Jodie Foster, 20, knows Nastassia well, and says, "Strong women usually come from strong women. These are two very independent, strong women who are absolutely dependent emotionally on each other." Even today Nastassia will excuse herself from a restaurant table to run to a phone and talk with her mother.

"I always felt Nastassia would become an artist," Brigitte says. "Her father filmed her when she was two years old, and already she was a child-woman, with such sensitivity and such pain in her face—pain not as a human would feel it, but as a flower, a rose would feel pain." Little Nastassia danced, she posed and painted: "I painted faces of beautiful women with mirrored eyes, or fairy women with wings, or queens. I'd spend hours painting tiny flowers on the queen's gown. I always painted women, never men." And as she studied her art, she began working her charm. "All of Munich was after her," recalls Brigitte in helpless admiration. "All day long: 'Is Nastassia there?' Boys, girls, it doesn't matter, they all wanted something from her. I loved her too much to try to keep her."

What Nastassia wants, Nastassia usually gets. Then as now, she wanted to be watched, and then taken. Her first beau was 15, she was 14, and, she says, "He waited for almost a year, just watching me, before he dared to say hello. It was the most romantic love story. We were two children in love in our own world." Soon enough, another world beckoned. At a party in Munich, she met Roman Polanski. He was 42; she was 15. "It started out as a light romance," Polanski says. "But I quickly realized that Nastassia had the potential to become a great actress. Now Nastassia is passionate about being in movies. Indeed, she has nothing else on her mind, to the point of nausea."

With her restless spirit, and the enlightened narcissism of the star performer, Nastassia has set a pattern for her affairs: love beautifully, leave quickly. "I always fall in love while I'm working on a film," she says. "It's such an intense thing, being absorbed into the world of a movie. It's like discovering you have a fatal illness, with only a short time to live. So you live and love twice as deeply. Then you slip out of it, like a snakeskin, and you're cold and naked. What worries me is that when these loves die, they hardly leave traces on me. I wonder why I don't suffer."

Perhaps these occasional passions for her directors and leading men, beginning with the first cry of "Action!" and ending with the final cut, are pacts she makes for art, romance and commerce. Kinski acts on instinct—great instincts—not from technique. "I don't understand acting except while I'm doing it," she asserts. "And sometimes not even then." Her Method is a kind of controlled madness. For her, each new film is a fairy tale she can believe in; she is the sleeping beauty, and her director is the prince whose talent and passion will convince her of the dream's reality. To cast a spell she must fall under his spell. Then they can become the hero and heroine of their own film.

In the face of advice from her lawyer, her agent and her friends not to make *Exposed*, Kinski went ahead. Why? In part because in pitching the film to her, Toback played Tristan to her Isolde: "This movie is why we're alive. It is why you were born and I was born. If we die when this movie is finished it won't matter, because this is it." Nastassia seems unbothered that the resulting film looks like a Bloomingdale's window of Terrorist Chic, and that the story line functions as a metaphor for her dangerous need to be used by directors whose eccentricity overwhelms their artistry. *Exposed* is "a film and an experience I truly love," she says. Indeed, she believed so strongly in it that she paid, out of her $500,000 salary, $75,000 to reinsert four scenes that had been cut. That must be a Hollywood first.

It remains to be seen if Hollywood will return the favor and if her fascinating aura can attract the mass of moviegoers. The odds are against her, on three counts. No European performer since Audrey Hepburn has become a blazing star of American movies; actresses these days have fewer options, fewer succulent roles offered them, than actors; and American films are in a period of relative indifference toward the very notion of stardom, instead putting their faith in big-budget special effects and no-name sex comedies. Kinski may have to settle for her current status as a celebrity commodity, for whom each film is not so much a vehicle as an expensive commercial for some exotic fragrance. "Nastassia No. 1 . . . Share the fantasy."

It is possible that Kinski's own fantasy has little to do with stardom, at least of the Hollywood variety. Though she will play Susie the Bear in the movie version of John Irving's *The Hotel New Hampshire*, Kinski will continue to make European films "because they are such a big part of me." One project she may direct but not star in is a script she wrote called *Day and Night*. It is, she says, "like a fairy tale that shows the day and night of human beings. There are two characters: a beautiful woman about 35, who has never really lived, and a boy about eleven or twelve. They are not related; they are not lovers. During the day the woman screams at the boy and hits him, but at night she changes into a loving, nurturing person. To keep the day beast away, they resolve to swim out into the ocean at night, as far as they can, then wait for morning. They do, and when day breaks, the woman tries to drown the child. He holds on to her and they both drown, hugging each other."

Which are you, Nastassia Kinski? The child or the woman? The day beast or the dream angel? The European actress or the Hollywood star? The high-fashion doll or the rag doll? The new beauty or a woman older than Eve?

Who knows? The camera knows, and cares. —*By Richard Corliss.*

Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

M. CHAEL MONTFORT

THE FAMILY ON AN OUTING

Nastassia, at age five, on a beach near Rome with her parents. Would she ever appear with her father in a movie? "Acting with my father would be like giving antibiotics to someone who is sick," she says. "The disease is the cure."

AS THE HEROINE OF LANCÔME'S SUMMER ADS
The camera sees her mother's serenity and astonishing directness, her father's lively energy and openness, and her own rich and unmistakable substance.

Show Business

A Model Woman, She Gets $9,000 a Day

The warm, natural beauty of Isabella Rossellini is an Italian variation on a Swedish theme

Thirty-five smart people from New York City have flown down to Puerto Rico on an errand that is surpassingly silly but not at all foolish. They are filming a 30-second TV commercial intended to make every woman in Europe, where it will be shown, rush out to the corner *parfumerie* to buy a scent called Ô de Lancôme. To do this, their script says, they must make Puerto Rico look like the south of France.

But why should not Puerto Rico, which is very beautiful, look like itself? Because the client is a French company, and the client says so, that's why. Don't argue. Lancôme is paying a boxcarful of money for its whim (some $9,000 a day, or more than $1,100 an hour, for instance, just for the services of Star Model Isabella Rossellini), and arguing costs about $50 a word. So Nick LaMicela, the project's art director, has selected a quiet country road, with no palm trees to spoil the illusion of France. Somebody has found a French cowherd. Actually he is a Puerto Rican waiter, but in beret, smock and scarf, and with rouge on his round cheeks to suggest a history of drinking wine for breakfast, he looks as French as Pierre's pig.

Lancôme's expensive illusion is about to take form. Isabella is not in view yet; she is taking a 20-minute, or $375, nap. But LaMicela is at work, as are a film director, a cameraman, gofers, riggers and grips, and several black-and-white cows. The reason for all of this impressive activity—the concept, as agency philosophers put it—is that Ô de Lancôme is "a Saturday-afternoon fragrance." The woman who wears it is fresh and casual, and, although breathtakingly lovely, not obviously paired with a lover. Such a wild flower, as LaMicela explains with a poet's shy pride, might ride her bicycle alone down a country road some misty afternoon. She might glide round a bend, only to find the road blocked by a herd of cows. The cowherd, struck by her beauty, might shoo his beasts away, and she, touched by his courtesy, might hand him a flower from a bouquet she had gathered. Cut: and the noise you hear is millions of women stampeding to the drugstore.

Clearly, the entire fantasy depends on the rare beauty of the bicyclist. Doubts fall away as Isabella appears. The commercial is no longer silly, and Lancôme is getting its money's worth ($325,000 for 35 days a year, said to be the richest contract ever signed by a model). More than its money's worth, since she is six months pregnant. But no one seems troubled by that; if Cheryl Tiegs and Lauren Hutton established a few years ago that it is fine for models to be 30, Isabella's age now, Rossellini seems to have brushed away objections to pregnancy. The camera will simply dodge where it can.

Rossellini pedals off, for an hour or more, through a dozen or so takes of the cow playlet. As she waits at rest for the camera to roll, her resemblance to her mother, Actress Ingrid Bergman, is powerfully clear: the wide cheekbones, the astonishing directness, the serene impression of physical and moral strength. In motion, as she smiles and gives the flower to the cowherd, she flashes the life and openness that were, she says, the unforgettable traits of her father, Film Director Roberto Rossellini. These characteristics are not physical. It does not seem especially important to catalogue her face, to mention that the exotic, slighty aquiline curve of her nose is balanced by the take-it-or-leave-it simplicity of her short, dark hair.

What the skilled camera sees in Rossellini is the rich texture of a life. Two top fashion photographers make almost identical observations about her. Richard Avedon calls her "a joy to work with—she's the product of an interesting life.

not a model wired to a Walkman." Says Bruce Weber: "It's inspiring to shoot a woman who really is a woman, not a teen in woman's clothing. Isabella has turned everything around, making age, depth, experience, substance attractive."

The children of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini did not really understand the scandal that raged when their parents fell in love and Bergman left her husband, Dr. Petter Lindstrom, to live unmarried with Rossellini and have a child, Roberto, by him. Isabella and her twin sister Ingrid were born in 1952, two years later, and their parents were married. But the scandal continued to haunt them. Says Isabella: "Every time Father came out with an unsuccessful film, the critics said he was old and crazy. We felt these assaults, and the intrusion of the *paparazzi*, very deeply, and we became very protective of our parents. Every time we'd see a long lens poking out from a bush, the whole gang would rush out and throw stones." Isabella still reveres her parents. "Father was an incredible man, both intellectual and emotional at the same time, very original. Mama's strength was her capacity to be direct. She had terrific instincts for dealing with children."

Bergman and Rossellini divorced when the twins were five. Although Ingrid had custody, the children moved eventually to Rome, where they lived with a nanny across the street from Rossellini's own house. Ingrid occasionally spent time there, and Pia, her daughter by her previous marriage, moved in for three years. Rossellini's three children by other alliances were often on hand. "Like all Italian children," says Isabella, "we were integrated into adult life, taken to restaurants, to the theater, doing whatever they did."

The two Ingrids, mama and twin, nursed Isabella through an agonizing two-year struggle with scoliosis, which began when she was 13 and threatened to deform her spine permanently. She was in a head-to-toe cast for much of the time, her sister recalls, "and we decided that if she could get through scoliosis as well as she did, she could get through anything." Ingrid was shy and scholarly as a child ("I did all our homework"), and Isabella, in her own words "a disaster in school," was sunny and adventurous. The twins, who are New York City neighbors, are still warm friends, and the rest of the crew of siblings and half-siblings remain close. "Now that the adults of the family are dead," says Isabella—Rossellini died suddenly of a heart attack in 1977, and Mama Ingrid last August after a long battle with cancer—"what makes me feel like an adult is working with the others to keep up the family visits and ceremonies."

Isabella married Film Director Martin Scorsese in September 1979, and they divorced last November, after prolonged separations caused by his career and her trips to London to visit her ailing mother. She had met Scorsese when she interviewed him for RAI-TV, the Italian state television system. She worked for RAI for several years, interviewing such diverse characters as Muhammad Ali and Barbra Streisand and appearing on a program she describes as a sort of Italian *Saturday Night Live*. "I was something of a star," she says, sounding a little surprised.

ON HER BICYCLE IN PUERTO RICO
The gift of a smile and a flower.

She had always, as an active feminist, felt that modeling created false values and expectations for women. Now, caught up in the challenges of her new career, Isabella has to some extent changed her opinion. "She works on each sitting as though it were an acting problem," says Avedon. And acting, he thinks, will be her next step. Possibly, but the words of parents hang heavy. Her father did not want her to become an actress, and her mother emphasized, perhaps too much, that to act well one had to feel a fierce passion for the art. Says Isabella: "My passion has always been infinitely controllable." She got good notices in her one serious film, a slow-moving Italian mood play called *The Meadow* (1982), by following her mother's advice. "She said that since I didn't have the tools yet, to keep it simple. 'Make a blank face,' she said, 'and the music and the story will fill it in.'" She did not understand acting enough to enjoy it then, she says. Now, like everyone else in show biz, she would like very much to see a good script.

In the meantime, she is joyously enthusiastic about being a new mother and a new wife. Her husband Jonathan Wiedemann, 25, is a tall, thin, redheaded Texan who two years ago graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard, where he studied visual arts and political science. He is now working on a master's degree in film making at N.Y.U. and supports his movie habit by modeling. It was on a modeling shoot in Mexico 2½ years ago that he met Isabella. "After she and Marty split up, we became much closer," he says. "We fell in love, started a family and got married. I guess we mixed up the order a bit."

The two of them live (with a dachshund they call Wiedellini) in a handsome old brick structure in Manhattan's chic Tribeca district. They both plan to work, and they are not quite sure how to arrange this. Isabella, musing on the subject, pointed out that planning a pregnancy this year shows that "my sense of identity isn't bound up with my career." She paused: "Americans tend to be like greyhounds, running all the time. I enjoy being in the race too, but suddenly I'm struck by the sun and decide, if I've got enough money, to do nothing for six months. That's very European. I don't fear the loss of success." —*By John Skow.*
Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York

SURROUNDED BY THE TV COMMERCIAL CREW
Millions of women will stampede to the perfume store.

BETWEEN TAKES IN STOCKHOLM
Batwing eyebrows. Slavic cheekbones and a drop-dead look that can scald the screen: this fierce exile from Warsaw plays a Siberian dissident in the thriller Gorky Park, *shot in Finland and Sweden.*

Show Business

A Gamine Is Exiled To *Gorky Park*

When martial law closed Poland's theaters, Joanna Pacula was forced into a worldwide career

Joanna Pacula's friends among Warsaw's actors and directors know, of course, that she won't be back. There is a rueful quality to their recollections as they describe Desdemona in jeans and a sweater, a bruised angel with, as the speaker is likely to add, a will of granite.

They talk of a lean, fierce beauty with the presence and intensity to scald the screen, a very young actress with the looks and cold nerve to strip off her clothes at the end of Witold Gombrowicz's stage drama, *The Operetta*, as her role required, and finish the play stark naked. She was a star in Warsaw's film and television industry, and on the stage of the city's famed Drama Theater, since her second year at the Academy of Theatrical Arts. A year and a half after she left Warsaw, almost certainly not to return, she is still a force there. Gustaw Holoubek, her first theater coach, recalls her "incredible freshness. She had no complexes. She loved a man, for instance, and she did it ostentatiously. She was not prudish." Her friend Actress Iwona Sloczynska says, "Like Brigitte Bardot, she was a little bit of an animal. She wanted to tear away from her background; I was not surprised when she left Poland."

No one could have been much surprised; Joanna Pacula's healthy ambition would have persuaded her at some point to try acting in the West. But when she did go into artistic exile, it was by a strange accident, and there was a rough irony to the circumstances that made it seem that Fate's bony finger had pointed down at her from a cumulus cloud.

By the fall of 1981 she had been acting almost without a break since 1977. At 24 she had made nine movies, had played *commedia dell'arte* and Polish romantic stage literature for the Drama Theater, and had just finished taking the part of Desdemona in a TV production of *Othello*. She was at the top of her profession in a country where theater is taken seriously.

Pacula was tired, and she felt artistically stale. She decided to take a vacation, and she flew to Paris to stay with friends. Two months later she was making plans to return when, on Dec. 13, 1981, the Polish regime declared martial law and shut down the entertainment industry. "My theater was closed," says Pacula, "so I decided to wait in Paris." She called Polish-born Director Roman Polanski, who had seen her naked in the *Operetta* role. He had been impressed, he said last week. "Not many young actresses are capable of doing that, but Joanna had the looks and the guts." Now he invited her to see his Paris production of *Amadeus*, and got her a modeling job. He advised her to learn English and give Hollywood a try. Within a few weeks, still without anything definite in mind, she wandered on to the U.S.

Last summer, while she was staying with Polish friends in Manhattan, she met Photographer Denis Piel and agreed to pose for him. Modeling? She makes a face. But she liked Piel. Piel's photos, seven full-page stunners in the February *Vogue*, caused an instantaneous clamor in the beauty biz. They show a tantalizing impishness, a mockery of glamour, and a drop-dead beauty that justifies the arrogance: batwing eyebrows, Slavic cheekbones, masses of brown hair, almond-shaped gray-blue eyes that expertly count the house. They are not shots of a mannequin, to be flipped past; the face, lean and mean in one pose, amused in another, is not a made-up blankness but the charged record of a formidable spirit. It is no surprise to learn that as a young lieutenant in Warsaw's student officer training corps, she was an expert in judo and fencing. (Another photo extravaganza of Pacula is about to detonate in next month's *Harper's Bazaar*.)

Pacula's English was improving over the New York summer, but still, she says now, "it was difficult for me to use the simplest words." Since she was charming and very pretty, and could speak fluent Russian and some Rumanian and French, her occasional flounderings with English merely added to the laughter at dinner parties. Then, in a plot turn that would not be believed in a movie script, Pacula received a phone call from an Englishman named Michael Apted.

He was a film director, he said (he had made the much praised *Coal Miner's Daughter*), and Roman Polanski had recommended her for a part. Could she talk? Yes, she wanted to say, in Russian, Polish, anything but English. But she agreed to meet Apted and Producer Howard Koch Jr. They planned to film the thriller *Gorky Park*. They wanted an East European actress to play the lead, a Siberian dissident named Irina who becomes involved in a triple murder in Moscow, and then falls in love with Arkady, the Russian cop assigned to solve the case. Could Pacula do a screen test?

Cut to Helsinki, seven months later. The American actor William Hurt stands outside a hospital building on a cold, dull day. He is a strange, brooding fellow, who talks about acting in vast, geographical metaphors, as if he were the commencement speaker at a drama school. But he is uncannily good at his job. As he waits between takes, he is clearly American; as the camera rolls, something too subtle to catch happens to his face—a matter of clouding, of caution—and he becomes unquestionably Russian. He is Arkady, trying to shake some information from the hostile Irina, who despises all police. They argue in fierce whispers, emotion escaping in chilly puffs of condensation; she turns away, he grabs her arm, she pulls free. Now Irina—the Polish wanderer Joanna Pacula—walks arrogantly away from Arkady and the camera, a skinny, defiant waif in ponytail and jeans. At a distance of perhaps 50 feet she turns, without stopping, and throws over her shoulder one of the great movie stares of all time, lashing the confused Arkady with suspicion, anger, and an astonishing wattage of awakening sexual interest.

"Cut! Print it!" yells Director Apted, a tall fellow in Moon Boots and an Everest anorak. Casting Pacula as the lead was a wild risk, Apted admits, and not simply because of her English, which she has now brought to the level of lightly accented near fluency. The fact is that except for the screen test, nobody in the West had ever seen a frame of film she had made. Says Apted: "I loved the look of her, the demeanor, that's what I cast."

PACULA LOOKS AMUSED IN *VOGUE*
Not a face to be flipped past.

Pacula is lean and quick; there is a tough, tensile quality about her—not the invulnerability of an enchanted child, but the eerie confidence of the very strong. Polanski, in Paris, talked of her "great acting talent and her tremendous will," and then added that "as we Poles say, 'She does not pour vodka behind her collar.' " This, he explained, means not that she swills alcohol, but that she throws herself fearlessly at life.

In a sedate hotel dining room in Helsinki, she gives a writer a big, rowdy kiss, and orders not vodka but tea and a huge chunk of chocolate cake. She talks of a happy, privileged childhood in Tomaszow Lubelski, a town of some 20,000 people about 200 miles southeast of Warsaw. Her father ran a construction business until he became ill some years ago. She was a track star as a child; at eleven she had the best time in Poland in the 80-meter sprint. She began to be interested in the stage, but theater simply did not exist in her provincial town. When she took a bus to Warsaw at the age of 17, having had no training whatsoever and, amid a crowd of 400 applicants, qualified for one of 20 places at the theatrical academy, no one except her mother believed it. One of her audition pieces, she says, and here she giggles at the thought of her innocent 17-year-old self, was part of Molly Bloom's erotic soliloquy from *Ulysses*.

No one from Tomaszow Lubelski had ever done such a thing. "In Poland people stay in their towns; they have their houses their televisions, their jobs," she says. "Maybe if I had fallen in love at 18, I could have lived that way, but I would not have been happy."

What now? She doesn't know. Still, "*Gorky Park* is a great adventure, even if nothing happens after." Maybe, says this adventurer with a laugh, she won't even be able to leave Finland for Stockholm, where the film's final scenes are to be shot. Someone stole her purse and passport in New York, her temporary papers have expired, and the Polish embassy is not likely to give her another passport. She isn't worried. "I am a tank," she says, looking very untanklike. (The Swedes did, in fact, let her enter the country.)

When the film is finished, she will go to New York to study dance, singing and American history. Really? she is asked. "Of course. I must learn about America."

And Poland? Could she go back to see her parents, her married sister and little niece, her younger brother who is studying in the sports academy, her twelve-year-old sister in music school?

Yes, certainly, she says. There would be no problem at all. But the production of *Othello*, in which she played Desdemona before she left, still has not been shown on Polish television. Do the authorities resent what she insists is not a defection?

She is quiet for a moment. "I know I could go back," she says. Another pause. "There might be a problem about leaving again."

—*By John Skow*

WITH CO-STAR WILLIAM HURT IN SWEDEN
A fiery stare tossed over her shoulder.

Verdict on Soviet Justice

An exiled defense lawyer publishes the first major insider's view

For 37 years Dina Kaminskaya was a familiar and respected figure in Moscow's crowded old courthouses and in the vast corridors of the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union's Russian Republic. The diminutive (5 ft.) defense lawyer packed more energy and determination into preparing her cases than many an unwary prosecutor, complacent in the knowledge that in the U.S.S.R. the law is stacked against the defense. That was the prosecutors' mistake. Kaminskaya obtained acquittals in more than 100 criminal cases.

A legend among prisoners in the Gulag, Kaminskaya was said to have the eloquence to move the most stonyhearted judge to render a merciful decision. Her scrupulous and exhaustive presentations earned praise even from Communist Party–controlled jurists at the top of her profession. In an official 1959 book entitled *The Moscow Bar*, she was acclaimed as "a well-known forensic orator capable of combining deep-felt emotionalism that stirs in her hearers solicitude for the fate of the defendant with the faculty of sober, logical analysis."

All that changed in 1967, as Kaminskaya recounts in an engrossing new book, *Final Judgment* (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). In that year she made the fateful decision to represent the Soviet Union's most outspoken dissident, Vladimir Bukovsky, who had been charged with organizing a demonstration in Moscow's Pushkin Square. Kaminskaya boldly pleaded for acquittal, partly on the ground that Bukovsky had the right to demonstrate under the Soviet constitution. The legal community was shocked that she had invoked the constitution—a tactic that is taboo in political cases. In practice, the basic civil rights guaranteed by the constitution have proved to be mere window dressing in a totalitarian society.

Kaminskaya continued to represent dissidents during the next decade, thus falling deeper into official disfavor. Neither her logic nor her famed oratory proved sufficient to win an acquittal in a single political case. After being harassed by the Soviet secret police, Kaminskaya and her husband Konstantin Simis, also a lawyer, were summarily ordered to leave the U.S.S.R. in 1977.

The couple settled in Arlington, Va., where Kaminskaya wrote *Final Judgment*. It is the first major insider's account of the Soviet criminal-justice system. Most revealing—and surprising—are her descriptions of how justice often prevails in criminal cases, in spite of a judiciary that is lacking in independence.

Kaminskaya's most significant criminal case is both a lesson in unfamiliar Soviet legal procedure and a riveting mystery thriller. In 1967 the parents of a 16-year-old boy, Sasha, engaged her to represent him in a sensational case. Sasha and his pal Alik had been charged with the rape and murder of their classmate Marina in a village outside Moscow. During six months of pretrial detention the boys had confessed, then recanted. The prosecution's star witness was an old woman who claimed to have heard Marina cry out as the three youngsters passed under her window: "Alik! Leave me alone! Sasha, let go!" The case against the boys had been prepared by an ambitious senior investigator from the procuracy, the Soviet equivalent of the prosecutor's office.

Kaminskaya at home: eloquence and logic

Acting like a free person in a free country.

Kaminskaya's first meeting with Sasha convinced her that he and Alik were innocent. She quickly discovered the reasons they had confessed. Among them: Sasha had been put into a cell with a horribly scarred adult inmate who told him that if he did not confess he would be sent to a notorious prison where guards and convicts alike would beat him up. Alik had been given a similar cell mate.

Kaminskaya found that in addition the investigator had fabricated evidence. Visiting the scene of the crime, she discovered that the boys could not have attacked Marina where the investigator said they did. The site, near a pond, had been awash in mud on the day of the murder, but the boys had been seen clean and dry shortly after they had allegedly committed the crime.

During the boys' six-week trial, Kaminskaya's new evidence impressed the court, which referred the case for further investigation. Still, the court at the second trial pronounced Sasha and Alik guilty (there are no juries in the Soviet Union). Undeterred, Kaminskaya and Alik's advocate both appealed; once again the case was referred for investigation. A third trial ensued, this time before the Supreme Court of the Russian Republic. The evidence that the boys were innocent was overwhelming. Among other things, the defense established that the old woman who claimed to have heard Marina cry out was deaf; she had also been at work, not listening at her window, on the day of the murder. Evidence was introduced that witnesses had been suborned. The judge visited the scene of the crime to satisfy himself that the boys could not have committed it. The verdict: not guilty.

Sitting in the living room of her modest two-story house in Arlington, Kaminskaya widens her piercing blue eyes at the memory of her victory in the courtroom 14 years ago. The 63-year-old advocate brought to America a treasured photo of Sasha, grown up, that is touchingly inscribed to her. But she has other, tragic memories of the dissidents she could not save from injustice: Yuri Galanskov, who died of mistreatment in the Gulag; Ilya Gabay, who killed himself in despair; Anatoli Marchenko, who was sent back to the camps for ten years after three terms of imprisonment and exile.

She has no regrets that she defended such clients, even though her career was destroyed and she was forced into exile. "I did it out of moral conviction and a simple sense of professional duty," she says. "Basically, I attempted to act as if I were a free person in a free country." In the Soviet Union, that attempt is itself a formidable achievement. —*By Patricia Blake*

Failing Marks

Is the legal system working?

"There is far too much law for those who can afford it and far too little for those who cannot." That trenchant, if familiar, complaint was voiced last week by Harvard President Derek Bok, in his annual report to the university's board of overseers. During his twelve years in office, Bok has often employed the report as a forum for speaking out on broad social issues (among previous topics: the need for professional education in the field of public sevice, the relationship between the university and government). This year's installment, one of his most challenging yet, is a sweeping indictment of the legal profession in America. Writes Bok: "The blunt, inexcusable fact is

Harvard's Bok: a challenging social forum

Too much cost, complication and crowding.

that this nation, which prides itself on efficiency and justice, has developed a legal system that is the most expensive in the world, yet cannot manage to protect the rights of most of its citizens."

A lawyer and former professor and dean at Harvard Law School, Bok, 53, criticizes the U.S. legal system for being too complicated and overcrowded with lawyers, and for failing to be accessible to the poor and disadvantaged as well as the middle class. He also maintains that the profession attracts too many of the best college students at the expense of such other fields as engineering, business and teaching. The result, he argues, is "a massive diversion of exceptional talent into pursuits that often add little to the growth of the economy, the pursuit of culture or the enhancement of the human spirit."

Bok lays much of the blame on the policies and curriculums of the nation's law schools. By emphasizing conflict instead of "the gentler arts of reconciliation and accommodation," he charges, legal educators teach their pupils to think in terms of the interests of individual clients rather than the whole of society. For help in better understanding and improving the system, Bok urges law professors to make greater use of the "steadily more refined" analytical techniques of the social sciences.

Although most of Bok's points are not new, they are all the more forceful because of his position and the occasion he chose for airing them. Maurice Rosenberg, professor of procedural law at Columbia University and a former official in the Carter Administration, suggests that the increase in litigation and in the complexity of the law is due partly to greater public awareness of rights and a willingness to try them out in court. "That," says Rosenberg, "is certainly preferable to having them tested in the streets." Rosenberg agrees with Bok, however, that "law schools should do more to sensitize students to other possibilities besides fighting in an adversary frame." Bok will no doubt be even more heartened by the reaction of colleagues like Laurence Tribe, professor of constitutional law at Harvard. Bok's criticisms, says Tribe, are "if anything, an understatement." ■

Science

Birds May Do It, Bees May Do It

A group of scientists consider whether animals really think

Though humans are understandably loath to relinquish their monopoly on intelligence, observers have long believed that a good case can be made for the animal mind. At a weekend symposium at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., a group of scientists put their brains together to decide whether or not animals think. Their conclusion: an unequivocal maybe.

The central problem in arriving at an answer is how to measure intelligence. Homo sapiens has a hard time devising IQ tests for its own species, much less trying to assess the brains of others. One trap: interpreting animal behavior in human terms. Notes Theodore Reed, former director of the National Zoo: "The public perception of animal intelligence abounds with anthropomorphic fantasies."

One of the most widely held misconceptions, for example, is that dolphins have an authentic language. The mammals do exchange clicks and whistles in isolated laboratory tanks. But Sheri Lynn Gish, a Smithsonian research associate, points out that although the calls made by dolphins in captivity show definite patterns, it is not known if the patterns constitute a language. Moreover, says Gish, dolphins have not been studied in the open sea, where they may really communicate by nudges and scrapes.

Animal Behaviorist Benjamin Beck of the University of Illinois at Chicago calls attention to still another human delusion, the species bias. Says he jokingly: "On tests for giraffes, where intelligence might be equated with neck length, humans test out below horses and ostriches."

Despite the difficulties, scientists have been trying to devise ways of evaluating animal intelligence. So far, none of them works perfectly. One theory holds that the bigger the brain size in proportion to the body and the more creased the cerebrum portion, the brighter the animal. But, notes Beck, "the human cerebral cortex occupies no greater a proportion in the human brain than in any other primate."

Current research has focused on the use of tools by animals as a signal of intelligence. Chimpanzees, for example, get at termites by jabbing their nests with twigs. The assassin bug of South America, also a termite fancier, approaches its prey by gluing nest material on its back to serve as camouflage. But, says Beck, the bug's behavior is probably "innate or genetically prewired." Another scientific index is the ability of animals to transmit information through so-called language behavior. Bees, foraging for pollen, return to the hive and perform an intricate figure-eight dance to map the route for other bees. Biologist James Gould of Princeton University says, however, that the dance is in the bees' genes, not their minds.

Nevertheless, there are examples of behavior suggesting that animals can process information and make judgments. Gould points out that honey bees, fed sugar water that is gradually moved away from the hive, anticipate where the food will be placed. Seagulls break open shellfish by dropping them on hard surfaces, flying low when their target is small. At the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center in Atlanta, chimpanzees have been conditioned to communicate through symbols and are able to distinguish between signs that mean food and those that refer to nonedible items. Says Duane Rumbaugh: "Apes have the capacity to use symbols that represent things not present in time and space—the essence of semantics, in human parlance." The chimps also have demonstrated self-awareness. One, while watching itself on a television monitor, directed a flashlight beam into its mouth, apparently curious about what its throat looked like.

Still, no animal species is likely to prove more intelligent than Homo sapiens. However, as Psychologist Colin Beer of Rutgers University puts it, "Human intelligence has made us dominant, but has also brought us great suffering. The balance sheet of the costs and benefits of intelligence has yet to be tallied." ■

Chimp feasts with help of grass blade

But the assassin bug's use of tools is innate.

Wall Street's Spring Rally

The Dow flirts with 1200 as the bulls continue to stampede

Wall Street last week again let the good times roll. Whenever investors begin wondering whether the eight-month-long rally might finally be ending, the stock market seems to take off on a new record-breaking binge. Last week the Dow Jones average of 30 leading stocks flirted for the first time with the 1200 level. Said Frank Quintana, a Merrill Lynch floor trader who was hoarse from shouting buy and sell orders at the New York Stock Exchange: "The euphoria just keeps building and building. I can't remember a mood like this since August."

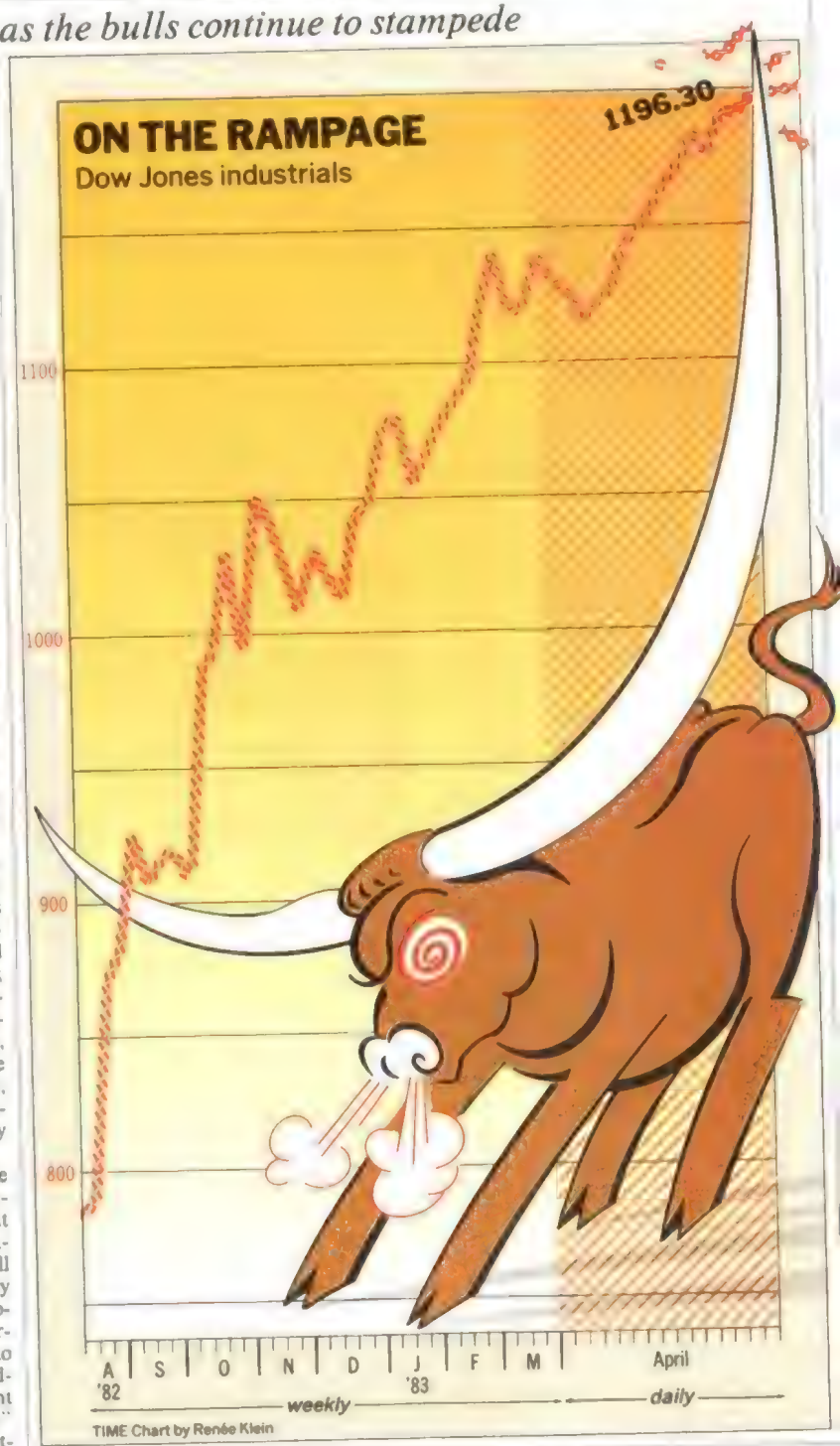
By week's end the Dow Jones average had reached new highs in six out of its previous eight sessions. The Dow, which ended the week at a record 1196.30, has surged 419.38 points since Aug. 12 *(see chart)*.

The spring rally has followed a three-week lull that led many analysts to suspect that a long-expected "market correction," or sharp drop, might be coming. Wall Street, however, has weathered a number of such pauses since last summer, and each time stocks have gone higher again. Says Robert Farrell, chief market analyst for Merrill Lynch: "Since August the pattern of this bull market has been four to five weeks of advance followed by two to four weeks of consolidation. There have been four advancing periods and four consolidations."

Money flowing into Individual Retirement Accounts (IRAs) is giving a hefty boost to the latest boom. Consumers poured at least $10 billion into the tax-deductible instruments between Jan. 1 and the April 15 deadline for filing 1982 tax returns. "Our IRA volume has been tremendous," says a Los Angeles fund manager. "It's coming from small investors, and they are providing additional muscle for the market." Notes Edward Yardeni, chief economist for Prudential-Bache Securities: "There's a tidal wave of money coming in through IRAs."

People can put their IRAs into a wide range of investments, including bank accounts, insurance annuities or credit union plans, but many have been attracted by the bull market and gone to Wall Street. At the Boston-based Fidelity Group, for example, consumers put two-thirds of the 35,000 new accounts that arrived during the week of April 15 into stock market funds. Says Susan Clapsaddle, market manager for group retirement plans: "The money just keeps rushing in."

Small investors seem particularly at-



tracted to the market at present. Millions of them stopped putting money into stocks during the long bear market of the 1970s, but now they are back. Many have simply been taking funds directly out of savings or checking accounts and putting it into stocks. Monthly sales of stock funds have been averaging $1.8 billion this year, according to the Investment Company Institute. That is three times the level of 1982. Says Monte Gordon, research director for Dreyfus Corp.: "The influx of cash has been nothing short of an explosion." Gordon notes that IRA money has been rolling into his company's stock funds five times as quickly as into its once fast-growing money-market funds. Adds he: "If that doesn't show the direction investors are taking, nothing does."

The big guys have been moving into stocks too. According to a Merrill Lynch survey of 112 firms, managers of major money pools pumped $11 billion into the market from December through March in addition to switching another $5 billion from bonds into stocks. Last week the number of trades in blocks of 10,000 or more shares reached a robust 11,378 on the New York Stock Exchange, another strong sign of institutional interest. Says Thomas Czech, research director for Blunt Ellis & Loewi, a Milwaukee-based brokerage firm: "All of a sudden everybody's afraid not to be buying stock."

The economy, to be sure, has finally been providing some encouragement to investors. The Commerce Department reported last week that the gross national product grew at an annual rate of 3.1% during the first quarter, the sharpest increase in two years. While the gain was less than the 4% Government economists had predicted earlier, it still indicated that the recovery was on track.

Other reports out last week also showed that the economy was moving toward a steadier course. The Commerce Department announced that consumer prices in March rose .1%, an annual compounded rate of just 1.6%, while personal income increased .6% in the same month, the largest gain since November. Indications that corporate profits are beginning to pick up buoyed investor confidence *(see box)*.

Perhaps the most encouraging sign of all has been the continued evidence that interest rates are unlikely to bounce up again any time soon. Some economists had feared that the price of borrowing money would jump once recovery started, but so far this has not happened. The prime rate, which stood at 14½% last August, has been 10½% since late February. Wall Street was particularly heartened last month by Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker's statement that he expects interest rates to keep falling. Says Steven Einhorn, chief portfolio strategist for the investment banking firm of Goldman Sachs: "Volcker's remark gave an important boost to the latest stock surge."

The spring rally has made winners out of an unusually wide range of stocks. Shares of oil companies, automakers, retailers and financial institutions have all been among the leaders at different times. Market analysts have also been encouraged by the rally's blue-chip quality. The list of big winners includes companies like IBM (up 88% since August), General Motors (up 64%) and Chrysler (up 256%).

The investment pace has been so hectic that some observers are beginning to detect dangerous signs of panic buying. "All those people who had been waiting for a correction have now thrown in the towel," asserts Michael Lipper, president of Lipper Analytical Services, a leading Wall Street advisory firm. "That's why they're now buying blue chips. They're simply not taking the time to look for good, small companies."

Still, not everyone is eager to leap into stocks. Some investors continue to hang back out of fear that the economy will prove weaker than experts now predict. Says David Jones, senior vice president of the brokerage firm of Aubrey G. Lanston: "This is a case where the market is only reading the good news it wants to hear." The bad news that Jones sees is the runaway federal deficit, which might range up to $200 billion in the coming fiscal year. High deficit spending could lead to heavier federal borrowing that would drive interest rates back up again.

A few individual investors are also having second thoughts. Early last year, Stanley Reed, 33, a Brooklyn landlord, invested more than $5,000 in stocks. Reed had planned to borrow and plunge further into the market, but now he no longer wants to take the chance. He intends to wait instead for the market to fall and then transfer some additional savings into stocks. Says he: "I'm holding out for a correction, but there's no question that I will switch once it comes, because I'm expecting another bull run after that."

The latest rise has persuaded some analysts that the best of times may now be over. They argue that the biggest bargains have already been snapped up. Says Prudential-Bache's Yardeni: "So far this market has made everyone look like a genius, but from here on in it is going to be tougher to pick winners." —*By John Greenwald. Reported by Adam Zagorin/New York and Don Winbush/Chicago*

Bottom Lines Are Looking Up

The long dry spell for U.S. business appears to be coming to an end. A number of major companies last week reported healthy increases in profits for the first quarter compared with results for the same period last year. A star performer was General Motors, which earned $653 million as sales rose 14% from a year ago. Chrysler also did well, earning $172 million, an increase of 15% on sales of $3.1 billion from January through March. It was Chrysler's largest quarterly profit ever.

Overall, though, the earnings picture in the first quarter was one of lights and shadows, of a recovery not quite fully developed. IBM's earnings rose 24%, to $976 million, but the world's largest computer maker did better than its smaller brothers. Control Data's profits fell 12.5%, Honeywell's were off 60%, and Texas Instruments' dropped to $7 million from $28 million.

General Electric's profits rose 13% on a total sales gain of 1%, mainly due to cost cutting as well as improved sales in consumer products. RCA's earnings, unusually high during the first quarter of 1982 because of a one-time sale of assets and tax benefits, were down 47% this year, but profits for the company's C.I.T. Financial and NBC subsidiaries moved ahead.

Basic industries generally have yet to feel the recovery. Republic Steel lost $35 million in the first quarter, almost twice as much as last year. Armco lost $128 million. Dow Chemical's profits declined from $154 million last year to $69 million this year. Dow President Paul F. Oreffice explained that his industry "traditionally lags a general economic turnaround by a few months." The big domestic oil companies, beset by falling prices, should show a 20% profit drop on average.

The biggest celebrations after earnings reports were announced occurred on Wall Street. The bull market has pushed up trading volume and the level of broker commissions. Paine Webber's earnings rose 525%, to $23 million; E.F. Hutton's increased more than twelvefold; First Boston's jumped 81%. After more than two years of mostly terrible corporate profits, last week's earnings results signaled that the worst of the recession is over.

Scrambling for New Customers

Financial services are growing but bank tellers are vanishing

The American financial revolution gathers force. In the past month, Prudential Insurance arranged to buy a small Georgia bank; Merrill Lynch said it has agreed to acquire a savings and loan; Shearson/American Express said it would like to follow suit; and Citibank went into the brokerage business to sell stocks and bonds.

The barriers of tradition and regulation that used to separate different parts of the financial-services industry are rapidly being battered down. Today half a dozen giant companies are vying to become the leading one-stop financial shopping center. Smaller banks and regional brokerage firms are struggling to keep customers from defecting to national firms by stressing personal service and local connections. Some, like the American State Bank of Rapid City, S. Dak., which is being acquired by New York's Citibank, decided that it is easier and more profitable to sell out.

The changing face of finance will have a major impact on the way Americans save money and how much interest they earn. Consumers can expect to get better rates on the money they deposit, as large firms compete fiercely for business by offering the best deals possible. Customers will find attractive new services such as all-in-one accounts that lump together checking, money-market deposits, credit cards and stock transactions into a single financial pot. But consumers must be prepared to pay annual fees of up to $100 for the new accounts, and personal treatment may become a thing of the past as financial institutions automate services previously done by a teller or a clerk.

So far the race to find new customers and add more profitable services is going to the quick and the smart. Two years ago, Bank of America decided that the bank could buy a brokerage house without violating federal rules if it did not give customers investment advice or underwrite corporate securities offerings. Bank of America then decided to buy Charles Schwab & Co., the largest U.S. discount brokerage firm, which provides neither service. Other stockbrokers squawked, but the Federal Reserve approved the deal. Schwab is now producing nearly $400,000 a day in commissions for Bank of America, and 600 other financial institutions have since gone into the discount brokerage business.

Perhaps the most aggressive firm in the new world of finance is Merrill Lynch. It was one of the first brokerage houses to offer money-market funds and now has more cash on deposit in those accounts ($38 billion) than Bank of America, the largest U.S. bank, has in domestic passbook and checking accounts. Since 1977, when Merrill Lynch devised its Cash Management Account (annual fee: $50), which lumps together all of an investor's holdings, the firm's 9,000 salesmen have signed up 900,000 customers.

Competitors are having a hard time catching up with Merrill Lynch. Shearson/American Express has attracted only 25,000 customers for its version of the money-management account (annual fee: $100), which includes use of an American Express Gold Card. Says Chairman Sanford Weill: "I think it's the best account of its type, but there are 500,000 customers who have not followed me."

Competition is particularly fierce because nearly all the financial supermarkets are going after the same customers: the 6 million U.S. households with incomes of $50,000 a year or more. American Express calls this group "the harried leisure class." These are dual-income families that earn plenty of money, but have little time to manage it. Last year that group socked away $128 billion in savings deposits and put an additional $69 billion into money-market and mutual funds.

After market studies showed consumers would be willing to pay higher fees for fast and simple bank transactions, Citibank created different levels of service, depending on the bank balance. For instance, a customer with $25,000 on deposit is guaranteed an express teller line with no more than a two-minute wait; $10,000 yields a slower teller line with a five-minute limit. The bank is now testing a program where customers with less than $5,000 in their accounts cannot see a teller to make deposits and withdrawals. Instead, they will have to queue up at an electronic banking machine. Some customers have been complaining, and New York's Chemical Bank has begun advertising, "Our tellers love customers."

Among the giant firms fighting it out in financial services, only Sears, Roebuck has directly targeted the mass market. The company is looking to married homeowners between the ages of 25 and 44 with an average income of $30,000. "We decided to stick with our traditional strength and go after Middle America," says Charles Moran, Sears vice president of corporate planning. Those are the kind of people who already shop in Sears, wandering past the 16 highly successful Financial Network Centers that have already been established. The outlets sell securities through Dean Witter, Sears' brokerage subsidiary, insurance with the Allstate label and real estate through another subsidiary, Coldwell Banker.

Several years will probably pass before the leader in the financial sweepstakes emerges. At the high end of the market, the size and savvy of Merrill Lynch make it a good bet. And since Sears faces less competition for middle-class investors, it also looks like a strong contender. The American consumer, though, may turn out to be the real winner. *—By Alexander L. Taylor III.*

Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York

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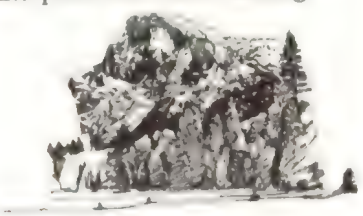

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Belabored

A Littony of woes

Litton Industries (1982 sales: $4.9 billion) now has the dubious honor of succeeding J.P. Stevens, the textile firm, as organized labor's favorite target. Last week representatives of six unions told a meeting of the House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations that the giant high-tech conglomerate and defense contractor had repeatedly thwarted their efforts to organize workers. They claimed that the company closed plants before unions could get in, refused to negotiate contracts after employees had voted for a union, and even booted out organized labor once it had won the right to represent workers.

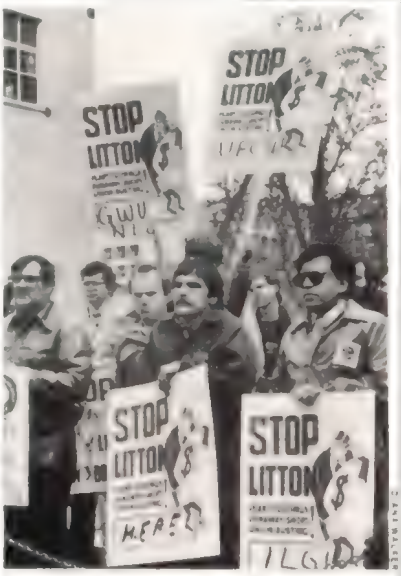
William Bywater, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, told the subcommittee that at Litton's Triad-Utrad division in Huntington, Ind., the company had squelched five organizing campaigns by four different unions between 1964 and 1982. During an organizing drive in 1980, charged Bywater, Litton once again started a "massive campaign of fear and intimidation" to stop workers from supporting the union.

Craig Darby, chief steward for Local 1180 of the United Electrical Workers, charged, "It has been open season on workers who support the union" since organizing efforts began in 1978 at Litton's transplanted (from Minneapolis) microwave-oven plant in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. After workers voted in the union, Darby charged, Litton canceled a February pay raise, took away a dozen paid sick days and began a harsh new absentee policy that led to dozens of firings. "I don't understand," said Darby, "why a Litton can just laugh at the law."

Other officials claimed that the company would fire workers sympathetic to unions, then rehire them much later with back wages and promise to take no further action when unfair labor charges were pressed before the National Labor Relations Board. During the process, which can take months or years, any effective organizing effort was demoralized and derailed.

Litton insists that it is not anti-union or systematically trying to keep unions out of its plants. One-fifth of the firm's 65,000 workers in the U.S. are members of more than two dozen different labor organizations. Said Mathias Diederich, Litton's director of industrial relations: "There were no mass firings, and there has never been a case where it has been determined that a plant has been closed due to union activity."

The major union demand last week was that Litton be treated as a single employer, rather than a series of independent companies, in terms of labor-law violations. Such action could have wide-ranging implications for American conglomerates. Says Charles Craypo, a Cornell professor who has studied Litton's union relations: "Conglomerate structure gives the employer an institutional advantage over unions that can be exercised effectively." If Litton is ruled a single employer, the whole company, under proposed legislation, could be listed as a repeat violator of labor laws and lose all its Government contracts. Last year Litton Industries was awarded defense contracts worth $1.3 billion. ■



Demonstrators protesting in Washington

The firm has become labor's favorite target.

Newest Apple

Computers go to college

The computer industry has for months been anxiously searching for news concerning Apple Computer's newest product: a moderately priced version of the Lisa computer that the company unveiled in January. Last week the first word of the new machine, which has already been dubbed the MacIntosh, was revealed by an unexpected source: Drexel University in Philadelphia. The university said that it will be buying about 3,000 of the new Apple computers. Next fall Drexel will require each of its 1,650 incoming freshmen to buy one of the machines, which it will sell for $1,000 apiece.

The Drexel announcement lifted some of the secrecy surrounding the next Apple to come out of the barrel. The machine, which Drexel has nicknamed "Apple D.U.," will reportedly weigh only about 24 lbs. and be as portable as a small TV. Yet it will be able to store more than 64,000 bytes of memory and will have many of the advanced features of the much more expensive Lisa (price: $10,000). One of the attributes that led Drexel to choose the new Apple was its ease of use. The MacIntosh is not expected to be unveiled until late this year, and the nonstudent price is likely to be closer to $2,000. ■

Hot Ice

Sotheby's loses a diamond

The rare pink diamond set for auction last week in Sotheby's New York City gallery was, like the venerable institution, one of a kind. Appraisers at the 239-year-old auction house had estimated the value of the nearly flawless 9.58-carat gem at more than half a million dollars. But the day before the diamond was due to be auctioned, Sotheby's officials had a problem: the stone was missing.

Police and FBI officials were as mystified as the management of Sotheby's. The gem, known as Lot 296 and owned by a consortium of Japanese businessmen, had been protected by armed security guards and videocameras that snapped pictures every ten seconds. Nonetheless, when a customer asked to examine Lot 296 more closely, a startled Sotheby's clerk found in its place a cheaper diamond substitute (value: $10,000), apparently dabbed with pink nail polish.

Aside from the firm's employees, the only people who had access to the stone were a number of "very special clients," who were allowed to handle the diamond briefly while examining it. One of them may have been a little too special. FBI investigators believe that the switch was probably made during one of the intervals when the gem was out of the display case. They are now studying the videotapes to try to determine who did it. Said FBI Spokesman Joseph Valiquette: "It was a very professional job."

A major theft is one of the worst disasters that can befall an auction house, since it tends to undermine the trust placed in the institution by the owners of the fine art and other collectibles that it sells. But the missing diamond is only one of several problems now besetting the London-based Sotheby's. Last year the company lost $4.6 million on revenues of $80 million, and now it is fighting a formidable takeover attempt.

Missing gem

Two weeks ago, the Sotheby's board flatly rejected a $90 million tender offer made by Marshall Cogan and Stephen Swid through their company, Knoll International Holdings. Based in Saddle Brook, N.J., Knoll is part of a conglomerate that makes office furniture and carpet backing. Echoing their management's disdain for the Americans, Sotheby's art experts have threatened to quit en masse if the takeover occurs.

They may be forced to follow through on the threat. Sotheby's is vulnerable. Its would-be owners are determined and well prepared. Since Knoll owns 14% of the stock, Cogan and Swid are already Sotheby's largest shareholders. Unfortunately, from Sotheby's point of view, armed guards and cameras are no protection in a takeover fight. ■

A Fresh Challenge to Reaganomics

Robert Reich provides intellectual firepower for the Democrats

Presidential Candidate Walter Mondale calls it "one of the most important works of the decade." Says Senator Gary Hart, another Democratic hopeful: "Few books on economics are bold enough to capture one's imagination. This is one." The object of the praise is *The Next American Frontier* (Times Books; $16.60), a provocative new analysis of America's economic ills by Robert Reich, 36, professor of business and public policy at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. Searching for alternatives to laissez-faire Reaganomics, the activist Democrats have found an intellectual mentor in Reich, who argues that Government must forge a partnership with business and labor to reduce unemployment and meet foreign competition.

Reich (pronounced Rysh) believes the Administration's goal of reducing the role of Government in the economy is doomed. Says he: "Every industry in America is deeply involved with and dependent on Government." While preaching nonintervention, Reich notes, the White House has been unable to resist demands for subsidies and import relief made by such industries as steel and autos. This protection, he says, keeps businesses from adapting to the rigors of worldwide competition. Reich would replace capricious protectionist measures with an explicit industrial policy aimed at retraining unemployed workers for new jobs and channeling investment into technologically advanced products that would enable U.S. companies to keep pace in the growth race.

A Rhodes scholar and a graduate of Yale Law School, Reich is a relative newcomer to economic debates. Despite his growing professional stature, he is self-effacing and unimposing. Standing only 4 ft. 11 in. tall, he jokes, "When I started studying economics, I was 6 ft. 2." During the Carter Administration, Reich was policy planning director at the Federal Trade Commission, an agency often criticized for imposing oppressive rules on businesses. He rejects the Reaganomic notion that Government regulation and high taxation are the root causes of U.S. economic problems. Instead, Reich heaps most of the blame on the executives who run American corporations

Since the days of Henry Ford and the Model T, Reich points out, American managers have relied on mass production. Relatively unskilled workers on long assembly lines put together standardized products. That strategy, which served the U.S. so well for more than a half-century, is no longer viable, Reich argues. Standard goods, from shoes to steel beams, can now be mass-produced more cheaply in developing nations such as South Korea and Malaysia, where the cost of labor is lower than in the U.S. To remain prosperous, Reich says, American industry must concentrate on high-priced, low-volume customized products. Examples: computer-controlled machine tools and high-tensile-strength steel. But rather than retool factories to make such advanced products, Reich charges, many companies have stayed with low-cost goods and petitioned the Government for protection from imports.

The Harvard professor champions a national industrial policy

He urges an alliance of Government, business and labor.

To succeed at selling customized products, firms need skilled work forces able to adapt rapidly to changing customer needs. Instead of sharpening workers' skills, Reich says, many big companies have laid off employees in the U.S. and set up assembly lines overseas. Rather than push hard for retraining, most blue-collar unions have clung to rigid job classifications and inefficient work rules.

Reich charges that too many American managers have become "paper entrepreneurs," more concerned with manipulating short-term profits than with developing new products. He laments the rush of conglomerate building through mergers and acquisitions. U.S. Steel paid about $6 billion to buy Marathon Oil last year, Reich notes, even as the steel company's own plants were becoming increasingly obsolete. Says Reich: "Ours is becoming an economy in which resources circulate endlessly among giant corporations, investment bankers and their lawyers, but little new is produced."

The Harvard professor offers several prescriptions for the problems he sees. The Government, he says, should give tax breaks and subsidies to companies that upgrade their workers' skills and offer training to the unemployed. Reich would discourage takeovers by disqualifying from normal tax deductions any interest on loans to finance mergers. He would replace the personal income tax with a consumption tax to enlarge the pool of capital for investment. Under this scheme, all earnings that individuals save or invest, rather than spend, would be tax-exempt

Aside from these specific proposals, Reich's outline for a national industrial policy is vague. He calls for the establishment of Government-financed "regional development banks" that would offer low-interest loans to companies promising to retool their factories. Reich also envisions some sort of national "political forum" in which representatives from Government, business and labor would fashion joint strategies for revamping American industries. Such tripartite planning sessions have been successful in several other countries, including West Germany.

Reich's industrial policy is attractive in the abstract, but critics charge that it would face pitfalls in practice. For one thing, the bulk of Government aid is likely to go to old industries with great political clout (steel or autos) rather than to emerging ones (computers and robotics). This has often been the experience in Europe. Says Michael Wachter, an economic adviser to President Carter: "France and Germany have made their hi-tech sectors weaker with government help. Those industries become more dependent on their governments for support, and the help proves to be something negative, not positive." Adds Donald Carroll, dean of the Wharton business school: "We should not look to France as an example for what this country should do. Industrial policy in France is a disaster."

Nonetheless, a national industrial policy has considerable appeal to Democrats groping for new economic ideas. Reich's alternative to Reaganomics is likely to provide part of the agenda for the Democrat who will challenge Reagan or some other Republican presidential candidate next year. —*By Charles P. Alexander*

Front of the Bus

Success at Jefferson Lines

When buses joined the list of deregulated industries last fall, many travelers feared that large bus companies like Greyhound and Trailways would abandon small-town stations where only a few passengers boarded. The giants plan to eliminate 1,300 stops, but dozens of small operators have entered the field, and in many places, bus service is improving.

One company that has profited handsomely from deregulation is Jefferson Lines of Minneapolis. The company was skidding into the red and facing a strike in 1978, when Louis Zelle, 59, a Minneapolis real estate developer who owns 60% of the company, set out to find someone with "no background in the bus industry" to run the firm. He explains: "Most bus executives are only interested in meeting schedules. Passengers are incidental."

Daniel Prins, 40, was his choice. Born in Holland, Prins came to the U.S. in 1970 and worked in marketing for a variety of companies from TWA to Procter & Gamble. Prins knew nothing about buses, but figured that he "could market bus travel just like a box of Tide or Cheer."

Prins first persuaded his new employees to call off the strike, then talked them into accepting a profit-sharing plan instead of increases in salary and benefits. Next he traded in Jefferson's aging fleet of 120 buses for 100 new red-and-white ones that carry more passengers in greater comfort and at lower cost.

Then Prins set out to fill the new buses. He installed sleeper seats for Kansas City ski buffs taking the overnight bus to Colorado resorts. He also put video games in some buses and movies on others. Prins' biggest revenue booster was special, cut-rate tours. Example: for $49.95, passengers can take a two-day trip from Des Moines to Minneapolis, complete with dinner and one night at a good hotel. Greyhound and Trailways charge more than $80 for the same round trip, without the hotel or the meal, and airfare is $100 one way. Jefferson now offers tours from coast to coast, and has even jumped the Atlantic to carry vacationers to Paris, Venice and the castles along the Rhine.

In addition to introducing imaginative marketing, Prins also found new sources of income inside the company. Jefferson began selling the service of its mechanics to competing firms. And while maintenance is usually a heavy drag on earnings in the industry, Jefferson's operation now produces $3 million in revenues. A training school for bus drivers that Prins started in 1980 also makes money and earns Jefferson a 30% reduction in insurance rates. The result of the new services: in the past four years, the privately held company's revenues have increased by 33%, to $20 million, and profits have quadrupled.

Prins predicts his company will continue prospering despite the twin threats of increased competition and the prospect that falling gasoline prices and a strengthening economy will tempt passengers to drive their cars instead of taking the bus. One reason for Prins' optimism: "As the economy picks up, more people are planning to take tours." Indeed, Jefferson's 1983 tour bookings are already up 80% over last year's, and its European jaunts are almost sold out.

Prins now has a new plan to turn bus deregulation into still more profits. Last week Jefferson began offering new bus companies a package of services, ranging from the financing and maintenance of buses to advertising, promotion and accounting, to help them get started. Prins' fee: up to 15% of profits. ■

Prins with a favorite passenger: Ms. Pac-Man

Marketing travel "just like a box of Tide."

Hang Ten

Flipping over Gravity Boots

Stephen Baron, 27, suffers from a ruptured disc that can cause him excruciating back pain. But Baron, an international management consultant in Washington, D.C., has found a topsy-turvy way to get relief. Four times a week he dons a pair of steel and foam-rubber Gravity Boots that each weigh three pounds and dangles from his heels from a chinning bar for five minutes. Says he: "It's a very restful, relaxing experience that eases the pressure off my lower back for hours. I can even hear my vertebrae clicking while I'm upside down."

As a result of such enthusiastic endorsements, Gravity Boots are now all but walking out of stores. The boots, which are actually ankle straps with hooks, sell for about $70 a pair. Optional support systems that hold people in a batlike position range from $250 to nearly $1,000.

Gravity Guidance of Pasadena, Calif., is the leading boot manufacturer. Its sales have exploded from less than $200,000 in 1979 to more than $12 million last year, and are expected to top $35 million in 1983. Total sales: more than 350,000 pairs.

Gravity Boots first started becoming popular after the 1980 film *American Gigolo* showed Star Richard Gere doing a heels-over-head workout. Subsequent features on the boots on television shows like *PM Magazine* further boosted sales. Says Gravity Guidance President Bryce Martin, 30: "The movie was really the first time anybody had ever heard of the boots, and we were swamped with orders from all over the country."

Gravity Boots were invented in 1965 by Dr. Robert Martin, 73, Bryce Martin's father. An orthopedic surgeon and one-time vaudeville acrobat, the elder Martin developed the boots to relieve the stress on spines and joints caused by standing and sitting. "I always told my colleagues that we'd all have better posture and no back problems if we could walk around on the ceiling," he says. "It was just a matter of figuring out how to do it."

Many physicians, however, doubt the therapeutic value of the boots. Says Dr. Willibald Nagler, chairman of the department of rehabilitation medicine at New York Hospital: "There is no evidence at all that they help, but there is also no evidence that they do any harm." He warns, however, that people with high blood pressure or circulatory disorders should avoid them. Nagler himself bought a pair of Gravity Boots last fall, and has been getting the hang of them three times a week. ■

The newest direction in health fads

Some believe it will relieve an aching back.

Dioxin Puts Dow on the Spot

Memos of 1965 meeting hint at company's fears

On a chilly morning in March 1965, a highly unusual gathering took place at Dow Chemical Co.'s headquarters in Midland, Mich. Without any corporate fanfare, Dow scientists met with colleagues from three rival firms, Hooker Chemical, Diamond Alkali and Hercules Powder. On the agenda that day was a discussion of the effects on human health of a family of chemicals known as dioxin. The chemicals, including Agent Orange, later used by the U.S. to defoliate the jungles of Viet Nam, are an unwanted byproduct in the making of herbicides. At the time, most chemists were only vaguely aware of dioxin, or its problems. But Dow had just experienced an outbreak of dioxin poisoning among workers in Midland. It wanted to sound a private alert to prevent similar incidents at other chemical plants, including those of its competitors.

Sitting along the Tittabawassee River, Dow's sprawling installation in Midland, Mich.

Ghosts from what seemed like a corporate gesture of good will to competitors.

Last week this seemingly generous gesture of good will came back to haunt Dow. According to a report in the New York *Times*, memorandums from participants in that almost forgotten session indicate that Dow's objective may not have been corporate benevolence. Rather, the documents show, the meeting appears to have been part of an effort to keep discoveries about dioxin's perils from exploding into a public scandal, which could have brought a new outcry for governmental regulation of the chemical industry. Wrote a participant from Hercules Powder: "They [Dow] are particularly fearful of a congressional investigation and excessive restrictive legislation on the manufacture of pesticides."

The documents were unearthed during the preliminary legal maneuvering in a class-action lawsuit that has been brought on behalf of 20,000 Viet Nam veterans, their widows and children against Dow and other producers of Agent Orange. Scheduled for trial on Long Island next month before U.S. District Court Judge George C. Pratt, the suit charges that the dioxin contained in Agent Orange caused cancer and other ailments among the soldiers and genetic defects in their children. Dow has resolutely denied the charges. In a television interview, Dow President Paul F. Oreffice said, "There is absolutely no evidence of dioxin doing any damage to humans, except something called chloracne. It's a rash."

Many scientists do not take the chemical so lightly. They say that even concentrations as low as 5 parts per trillion can cause birth defects, cancer and other serious illness in laboratory animals. Last week the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta reported that 112 of 130 residents tested in Imperial, Mo., near dioxin-contaminated Times Beach, showed abnormalities in blood, liver or kidney functions. Says Dr. Irving Selikoff, director of the environmental-science lab at Mount Sinai Medical Center in Manhattan: "No question about it, dioxin is harmful to humans. It is man-made. As a result, the human body doesn't know how to break it down. We store it in our bodies and accumulate it."

In 1964, after 64 workers at its Midland plant developed chloracne following exposure to dioxin, Dow began a full-scale investigation of its effects. When dioxin was administered to rabbits, their livers were severely damaged. As one participant in the 1965 meeting later wrote, the Dow scientists reported that "even vigorous washing of the [rabbit's] skin 15 minutes after application [of dioxin] will not prevent damage and may possibly enhance the absorption of the material."

Now, 18 years after the private parley of scientists, the Midland area is still wrestling with dioxin. It continues to show up in tainted water from Dow's Midland plant, has been found in fish in ten Michigan rivers and is the source of considerable anxiety among local residents. Says Diane Herbert, a young mother of two children: "Almost everyone seems to have thyroid problems, and there are a lot of skin tumors and allergies in pets." To assess those fears, Michigan's state health department is seeking state or federal money for a major study of dioxin's effects on residents.

Whatever the private concerns of the Dow scientists at the 1965 meeting, they did not lead to public action. As a company spokesman said last week, "We found we had a problem. We corrected it. We reported it to the appropriate authorities. We called in our competitors, urged them to adopt our practice. This was really an attempt by industry to police itself." The Viet Nam veterans' lawyer, Victor Yannacone, has a harsher view. He calls the backstage parleying nothing less than "a conspiracy of silence." ■

It's the Pits

Acting on a notorious dump

Located some 50 miles east of Los Angeles, the 22-acre Stringfellow Acid Pits are among the worst repositories of toxic waste in the U.S. Before the site was finally shut down in 1972, it was filled with nearly 34 million gal. of hydrochloric, sulfuric and phosphoric acids, chloroform, trichloroethylene and other poisonous manufacturing byproducts. Although California and federal authorities have spent $7 million to contain the damage, the lethal chemicals are still working their way into the ground water, threatening area residents and farms.

Acting on behalf of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Justice Department last week filed suit, in collaboration with California, against 31 of the polluters, including such corporate giants as Stauffer Chemical, Rockwell International, McDonnell Douglas, Weyerhauser and General Electric. Object: to recover the costs of a total cleanup, which is expected to reach $40 million. The Justice Department denied that the suit was instigated by the White House. But as the largest hazardous-waste case ever filed by the Government, it will inevitably appear as an attempt by the Reagan Administration to prove its new toughness on protecting the environment. ■

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TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

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Milestones

BORN. To **Marie Osmond,** 23, wholesome, toothy singer, and **Stephan L. Craig,** 26, her husband of ten months, a business student at Brigham Young University: their first child, a son; in Provo, Utah. Name: Stephen. Weight: 7 lbs. 7 oz.

BORN. To **Barbara S. Thomas,** 36, a lawyer who is only the second woman ever named to the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, and at the time of her appointment in 1980 was the youngest SEC commissioner ever, and **Allen Lloyd Thomas,** 43, a lawyer in New York City: their first child, a son; in New York City. Name: Allen Lloyd Thomas Jr. Weight: 7 lbs. 13 oz.

SEEKING DIVORCE. Andrew Lloyd Webber, 35, pop composer who currently has three hit musicals running in New York City (*Evita, Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and *Cats*); and **Sarah Jane Tudor,** 34, his wife of twelve years and mother of his two children; in London.

RECOVERING. Karla Woods, 23, waitress who had been pronounced dead and placed on a morgue table for autopsy when a police detective noticed her swallowing, after which she was rushed to a nearby hospital and revived; in Champaign, Ill. After taking medication, she developed hypothermia, or low body temperature, so extreme that her breathing was suspended and her pulse undetectable.

HOSPITALIZED. Ethel Merman, 74, clarion-voiced Broadway performer for 50 years; for surgery to remove a brain tumor; in New York City. Ever the trouper, Merman regained her speech two days after the operation, and within a week was singing and walking around her room.

DIED. Jerzy Andrzejewski, 73, one of Poland's finest novelists and a leading political dissident; of a heart attack; in Warsaw. The best known of his novels was *Ashes and Diamonds* (1948), a study of confusion and despair at World War II's end. Andrzejewski was an insistent protester against censorship; in 1976 he helped found the Workers' Defense Committee (KOR), which was integrated into the now outlawed Solidarity union in 1981.

DIED. Larry ("Buster") **Crabbe,** 75, former swimming champion and 1930s film star best known as the original Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers; in Scottsdale, Ariz. After winning a gold medal in the 1932 Olympics, he moved to Hollywood, eventually calling himself "King of the Serials" for his intrepid science-fiction roles. Crabbe later became a fitness and exercise advocate, swimming a steady two miles a day well into his 70s.

DIED. Earl Kenneth ("Fatha") **Hines,** 77, jazz pianist for 50 years and a seminal figure in American popular music, who in the 1920s severed the piano from its ragtime connections and pioneered a distinctive new sound; of a heart attack; in Oakland, Calif. As leader of his own big band for two decades, he nurtured such future jazz stars as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Sarah Vaughan.

DIED. Walter Slezak, 80, convivial Austrian-born character of stage and screen who specialized in plump, dastardly villains, but also played sentimental men-about-Europe, most notably the Marseille shopkeeper in Broadway's *Fanny* (1954), for which he won a Tony Award; by his own hand (he shot himself); in Flower Hill, N.Y. His most memorable film role was that of the deceitful U-boat captain in Alfred Hitchcock's *Lifeboat* (1944), but he may be better known today as Ronald Reagan's co-star—with a chimp—in the 1951 *Bedtime for Bonzo*.

NOT EVERYONE WAS MEANT TO FLY.

Although flying on a commercial airliner is one of the most widely accepted ways to travel, a lot of people still don't like to fly. It makes them feel uncomfortable to be strapped into a seat. To be told when they can get up. And when they can't.

To have to wait to be served a drink when they're thirsty. And a meal when they're hungry.

Fortunately, there is a real alternative to flying—training.

A delicious menu is available on most trains.

On a train, you have infinitely more freedom than on a plane. For instance, there are no seat belts. So you can get up and stretch your legs whenever you like. If you're hungry, you can walk into the dining car and order anything from a snack to a full meal on most trains.

We also think you'll find training more comfortable than planing. Our coach seats are wider than the seats most airlines use. So you have more room to stretch out and relax, or get some work done.

Amtrak has improved its on-time record nearly 40%.

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Since 1979, we've improved our on-time performance nearly 40%. And, in the last 6½ years, we've rebuilt our entire fleet. Amtrak now offers you some of the newest, most technologically advanced equipment in the world.

So the next time you're planning to travel somewhere, think about taking the train. See how good it feels to fly without leaving the ground.

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ALL
ABOARD
AMTRAK

The ornately decorated Peter the Great Egg

Cigarette case; below, egg charms

Design

The Affable Elegance of Fabergé

Works by Russia's master jeweler light up two Manhattan shows

Mosaic Egg with "surprise"

There is little room in today's reckoning for the gorgeous playthings that the royals and the royally rich acquired insatiably in the three or four decades before World War I. The most sumptuous, superbly crafted of these frivolities were made by Peter Carl Fabergé, jeweler to the Romanovs, whose establishment in St. Petersburg poured out cascades of baubles and *bibelots* for nearly 50 years before the Bolsheviks banged on the door in 1918.

That era, in all its extravagance and charm, makes an eye- and heart-catching comeback in two Manhattan exhibitions. The first, at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design, runs through July 10; it is a handsomely displayed presentation of 213 objects from the collection of Britain's royal family and other English owners. The second, being held through May 21 by the venerable Fifth Avenue store A la Vieille Russie, is the largest collection of Fabergé ever assembled; many of the 560 pieces are being exhibited for the first time.

Fabergé, whose Huguenot family fled France in 1685, eventually presided over branches in Moscow, Odessa, Kiev and London. He was principally supported by the Romanovs, notably the Dowager Empress Maria Fyodorovna and her son Tsar Nicholas II. The Danish-born Empress introduced the jeweler to her sister Alexandra and Alexandra's husband King Edward VII of England, both of whom became steadfast patrons of Fabergé. Most of the Fabergéana at A la Vieille Russie were made for the Russian royal family. Among them are nine imperial Easter eggs, the works with which Fabergé is most closely identified. Their design was left entirely to Faberge, and each contained a "surprise," a splendiferous equivalent of the prize in a Cracker Jack box.

The nine include the richly ornamented Peter the Great Egg (1903) and the Mosaic Egg (1914), which is perhaps the most elegant of all. It is in the Cooper-Hewitt show and may be worth $1 million. Presented to his wife Alexandra Fyodorovna by Nicholas II in 1914, the 3⅛-in.-high egg is made of intertwining gold belts and platinum mesh set with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, topaz, quartz and garnets. The surprise inside is an oval plaque of gold, pearl and enamel on which are painted the profiles of the five royal children, all of whom were to be shot, along with their parents, by the Bolsheviks.

What the two exhibitions show above all is Fabergé's astonishing diversity. The artifacts range from relatively austere stone boxes and clocks, perfume flacons, letter openers and an art nouveau cigarette case given to Edward VII, to what Fabergé called his *objets de fantaisie*: a windup, tail-wagging silver rhinoceros, a love-sick frog on a silver column, and—in jade, nephrite, agate, chalcedony, quartzite and other gem stones—a dormouse out of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, a litter of four sleeping piglets, and minimenageries of meticulously observed birds, fish and beasts.

Among the most consummate works are enameled sprays of flowers and fruits; to ensure verisimilitude, Fabergé kept a garden on top of his Moscow workshop. Some of these beauties, priceless today, originally sold for less than $1,000 each.

Of some 250,000 Fabergé pieces extant, not one was actually made by the master. His genius, while he presided over more than 500 artisans, was to impart an aesthetic that, for all the opulence of the materials, was by and large controlled and even understated.

Inevitably, a few of these more artless trinkets stray into kitsch. But for the most part, suggests A. Kenneth Snowman, jeweler by appointment to the royal family and guest curator for the Cooper-Hewitt exhibition, they should be judged by "the affable spirit in which [they] were originally created—an uncomplicated desire to give pleasure, albeit within the framework of an efficiently organized business house." Another scholar, Sir Roy Strong of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, observes that Fabergé's work "was almost the last expression of court art within the European tradition, which brings with it a passionate conviction of the importance of craftsmanship and inventiveness of design, aligned to a celebration of the virtues of wit and fantasy applied to everyday objects that still has a relevance to the design of today." —*By Michael Demarest. Reported by Kathryn Jackson Fallon/New York*

A love-smitten frog

People

Old habits die hard. After 26 months in prison, **Jean Harris,** convicted in 1981 of murdering Scarsdale Diet Doctor **Herman Tarnower,** still dresses up for visitors in a white blouse and a single strand of pearls.

Harris: belonging to neither world

"I stick out like a sore thumb," says Harris, whose lawyer last week filed a motion for a new trial. She hopes to prove that she was mentally incompetent during some of the proceedings. "I did not murder Hy [Tarnower]," insists Harris. "There is a difference between murdering and killing. It was a tragic accident." It will be another two months before the Westchester County court decides whether a new trial is warranted. Meanwhile, life in prison continues for Harris, who celebrated her 60th birthday over the weekend. Now living in a special house with private rooms at New York's Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, the former headmistress of Virginia's fashionable Madeira School for girls spends her mornings making quilts or writing, her afternoons working with expectant mothers. Even the prospect of eventual freedom holds no great joy. "I'm like a Pilgrim woman captured by Indians," says Harris, "who, when she is returned, belongs to neither world."

■

Looking as fresh as if she had just completed an afternoon stroll, Home-Town Favorite **Joan Benoit,** 25, glided across the finish line of the 87th Boston Marathon in the time of 2:22:42. That was almost three minutes faster than the previous women's record for the distance, held jointly by New Zealand's **Allison Roe** and Norway's **Grete Waitz.** Incredibly, Benoit finished less than 14 minutes after the men's winner, **Greg Meyer,** 27, who crushed his own competition with a time of 2:09. Said Women's Runner-Up **Jacqueline Gareau** of Canada: "The 2:20 marathon is the next mark for women now. We're getting nearer and nearer the men."

■

With a rosy flush of expectancy warming her cheeks, **Queen Nur,** 31, the American-born wife of Jordan's **King Hussein,** 47, has continued to fulfill her state commitments throughout the final six months of her pregnancy. The new royal baby, expected this week, will be the couple's third: they have two sons, Prince Hamzah, 3, and Prince Hashem, 22 months. Pregnancy, it appears, seems to suit the former Lisa Halaby almost as much as queenship does.

Boston Marathon Victor Benoit celebrating her record time

Queen Nur and King Hussein: expecting the arrival of their third child

Diana at Auckland's Eden Park, flanked by two New Zealand teen-agers

■

She came. She wore. She conquered. Triumphantly, **Diana, Princess of Wales,** 21, turned the four-week, 15,000-mile royal tour of Australia into one long fashion show-*cum*-mixer. Last week, with plenty of fresh outfits at the ready, Diana, with **Prince Charles,** 34, and ten-month-old **Prince William,** proceeded to New Zealand, but not before the princess gave Australia a little something to remember her by. At a royal ball at Melbourne's Hilton hotel, she stopped conversation dead by making her entrance in a shimmery, ice-gray gown cut daringly deep across one shoulder. At Auckland's Eden Park, Diana elicited squeals of delight from 35,000 schoolchildren when, with three Maori teen-agers, she joined in the *hongi*, the traditional Polynesian greeting of pressing noses. Prince Charles, meanwhile, was nearly relegated to the role of spear chucker. A native warrior thrust a ceremonial spear at him and asked if he came in peace. The prince quickly replied that he had.

—By E. Graydon Carter

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They are, suddenly, the new celebrities of high schools across the country: students with spectacular college-board scores and report cards full of A's. This spring many leading colleges are pursuing the star seniors as never before, offering scholarships based on achievement, talent and promise rather than on financial need. Says Thomas Bertrand, secretary of Atlanta's Emory University: "Top students are recruited these days in the same way football players are." Declares Dartmouth Financial Aid Director Harland Hoisington: "You have people bidding now."

About 900 U.S. schools are offering merit scholarships this year, compared with 420 in 1977. The rising demand is the result of a declining supply. Between 1972 and 1982, the number of students with high scores (650 points or more out of a possible 800) on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SATs) plummeted by 45% in verbal skills and 23% in math, although the number of those taking the exams dropped by only 3%. In a time of limited resources, many institutions believe that future success depends upon attracting not just ordinary students but the finest. Admits Helen Horowitz, a public relations official at New York University, which is handing out 55 new merit scholarships of $2,000 this year: "Part of the aim is that talented students will help make N.Y.U. attractive to others in the years to come."

Many merit awards are bringing an aura of free-market competition to colleges:

▸ Students who qualify as finalists in the National Merit Scholarship competitions can get full tuition ($4,600) from Trinity University in San Antonio for four years if they maintain a 3.25 average. When it started the program in 1980, Trinity attracted only 19 of the nation's 13,500 National Merit finalists, who are chosen by rigorous exams. This fall the school expects to enroll between 45 and 55 finalists.

▸ Three years ago, Emory University allotted about $10,000 for merit scholarships; this year it will spend $265,000 on such awards. Emory feels that the program has helped generate a 15% increase in university applicants.

▸ For the first time, Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass., is offering 15 merit scholarships of $4,000 to top high school achievers. Says David Gould, dean of admissions: "It's a very competitive market, and we hope to maintain our position."

The idea of offering money to students who do not really need it bothers many educators. Says William Ihlanfeldt, dean of admissions at Northwestern University, which has no such awards: "To give money to students who can already afford to come to your school is a waste of money." Most of the schools that have decided to award merit scholarships say they are helping needy students as much as before. Some officials nonetheless fear that in time the disadvantaged will not get enough aid. Says Dan Hall, dean of admissions at the University of Chicago: "Society really misses something when an elite consortium of schools attempts to buy the brightest students."

Among the schools most concerned about the ethics of need *vs.* merit is a group of 23 prestigious colleges in the Northeast, including the eight members of the Ivy League. These colleges require their scholarship winners to show financial need, and the schools' representatives meet once a year to standardize aid packages offered to the same students. Two top-ranked women's colleges, Smith and Mount Holyoke, recently broke ranks by announcing that they would award 30 prizes of $300 and $400, respectively, to their choice applicants. Says Mount Holyoke President Elizabeth Kennan: "Our No. 1 priority will be to fund all needy students. These prizes are intended to reward excellence."

Although such awards are small potatoes, some colleges in the group of 23 have criticized Smith and Mount Holyoke for breaking a need-only tradition. With their costs soaring to more than $12,000 a year, Ivy League schools are uneasily aware of the lures of lavish merit scholarships and are emphasizing that they will provide enough aid to cover the demonstrated requirements of any student who is accepted.

In practice, there sometimes seems to be a fine line between need and merit. Harvard Admissions Dean L. Fred Jewett admits that if a desirable student reports a substantially higher offer from another college, his office will "reassess" and perhaps up the original cash offer. Harvard has no plans to change its basic tactics. Says Jewett: "We feel that merit awards are not where limited resources should go." But Jewett adds: "If more and more students opted not to come, the university would certainly have to look hard at the policy."

KATHY RICHLAND

SAT King Engels; bottom, Chen with offers; right, Edelman at ease

Quarterbacks are nice, but a calculus whiz may be better.

With the costs of higher education rising, many upper-income families find the scholarship money hard to resist. Chicago Latin School Senior Charles Edelman, whose father is a tax attorney, has been accepted by Yale, Brown and Amherst, but is leaning toward the University of Michigan. Says Edelman: "Michigan has called, written and offered me two scholarships. They are making it look very attractive." Panda Chen, daughter of an engineer in Piedmont, Calif., has a 3.95 grade-point average and has received scholarships from five schools. She will accept $7,000 in tuition from Mills College in nearby Oakland.

Applying with perfect 800 SAT scores, Eric Engels of Springfield, Va., whose father is an engineer, was offered a four-year scholarship to the University of Virginia worth $4,900 his first year, as well as awards from Duke, Chicago, and Washington University in St. Louis. Says he: "I was approached by some of the Ivy League schools, but they don't offer a specific financial academic scholarship." Engels' choice: Virginia. "I picked the better deal is what it came down to," he says. "It's about time they gave the same attention and money to scholars that they do to athletes." —*By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Paul Barrett/Boston and Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York*

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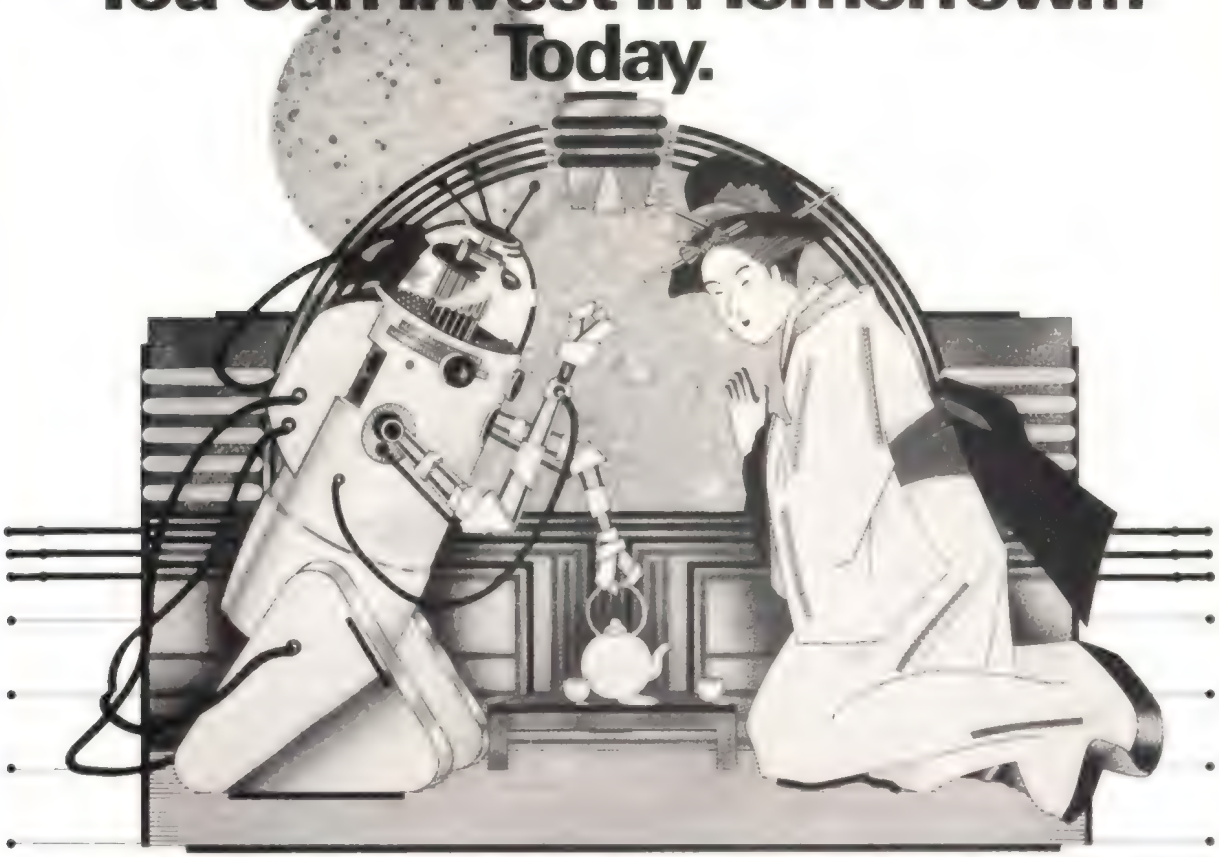

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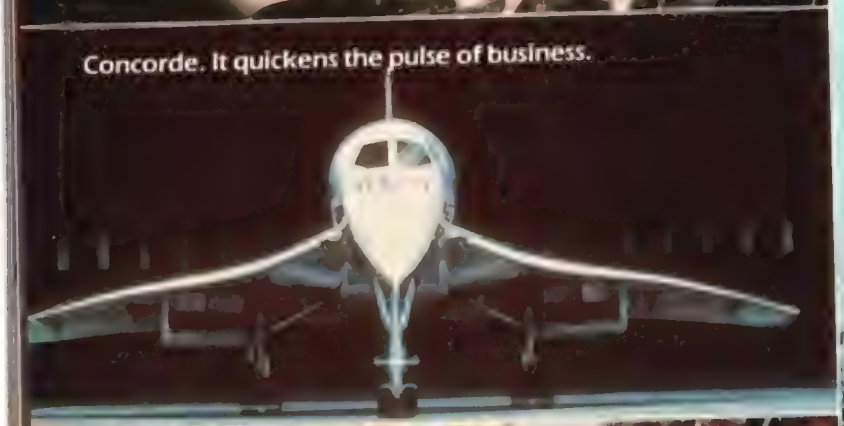
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A Curmudgeon Comes of Age

THE FORTIES *by Edmund Wilson, edited by Leon Edel*
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 369 pages; $17.95

In the gin-fueled jazz age, a young Edmund Wilson pursued Poet Edna St. Vincent Millay along a stretch of Cape Cod beach. "By the time we're 50," he promised, "we'll be two of the most interesting people in the United States." He kept his word. By mid-life, Wilson was regarded as America's leading man of letters, a redoubtable scholar and a critic whose opinion could make or break a literary reputation. Critic Malcolm Cowley called him a combination of Dr. Johnson, Carlyle and Sir Richard Burton, the 19th century British explorer and linguist. Readers turned to his columns in *The New Yorker*, Cowley wrote, "to see what in God's name he would be doing next."

Wilson plotted a direct path to prominence. The privileged and provincial son of a Red Bank, N.J., lawyer, he saw that a career in literary journalism rather than academic criticism would lead him to the power he desired. In hundreds of reviews and in books like *Axel's Castle*, he introduced a wide and insular American audience to the world's leading writers and most important historical events. *To the Finland Station* gave depth and drama to the Russian Revolution, and his essay "Oo, Those Awful Orcs!" deflated *The Lord of the Rings* and *The Hobbit* long before they became cult books. By the beginning of World War II, he had failed to examine only one contemporary figure: Edmund Wilson.

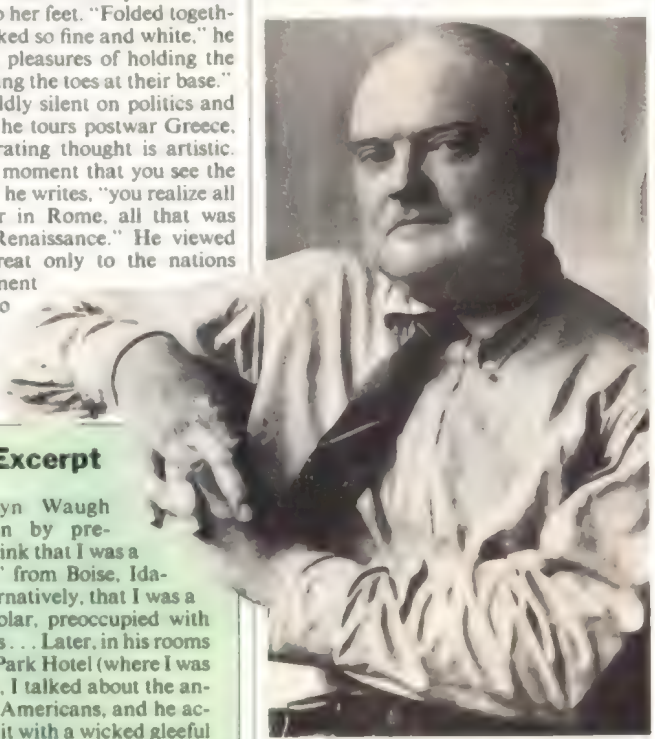
The Forties, a collection of notebooks from the decade, catches Wilson at this turning point. Hardworking and hard-drinking, the critic had lived like the free-spirited artists he wrote about. But by 1940 he was suffering from more than a hangover. The early death of his friend from Princeton days, F. Scott Fitzgerald, was an intimation of mortality. His third marriage, to Novelist Mary McCarthy, was headed toward certain divorce, and his growing isolationism was undermining his stature as a serious commentator on his times.

Sensing the disarray in his life and work, Wilson resolved to regroup. The former habitué of cheap apartments and rented rooms writes of buying a house on Cape Cod. He outlines a never-completed novel about lives in transition. There are amorous adventures and travels to Greece, Haiti and New Mexico. He continues to survey the literary scene with visits to a suspicious and embittered Evelyn Waugh, to a mourning John Dos Passos, "whose voice would seem about to choke or tremble," and to a Roman convent where Philosopher George Santayana "slept, in his plain single bed, in the consciousness of the whole human mind."

Wilson gives glimpses of his own bed. Although rotund and stodgy, he never lacked for lovers. He had a reputation as a philanderer. In 1946 he married his fourth and last wife, the aristocratic European beauty Elena Mumm Thornton. Somber, itemized accounts of their love-making suggest that Wilson paid inordinate attention to her feet. "Folded together [her toes] looked so fine and white," he noted. "Sensual pleasures of holding the insteps and kissing the toes at their base."

Wilson is oddly silent on politics and the war. When he tours postwar Greece, his most penetrating thought is artistic. "From the first moment that you see the Ionian islands," he writes, "you realize all that was vulgar in Rome, all that was trashy in the Renaissance." He viewed Hitler as a threat only to the nations of the Continent and refused to lend his pen to the American war effort. He remained naively chauvinistic. "The great mistake about Europe," he wrote, "is taking the countries seriously and letting them quarrel and drop bombs on one another."

During this period, Wilson saw the world as a dark reflection of his condition. Waiting out the divorce from McCarthy in Nevada, for instance, he described the desert with moody precision. "Everything seemed done in washed ink: formless, grandiose, murky, like the poetry of Robinson Jeffers . . . great hanging bank of gray or black mist, as usual perfectly immobile." At the house in Wellfleet, Mass., he took long walks with a dog named Pal and indulged in Thoreauvian metaphor.



Edmund Wilson

Philanderings, Orcs and a dog named Pal.

At a nearby pond, he observed his own sea change in the still water. There was, he wrote, "a darkness into which I sink and a clear round single lens, well guarded and hidden away."

On the surface, *The Forties* is Wilson's record of a decade of discontent. But Critic Leon Edel's sensitive editing reveals more than the difficulties of middle age. Although happily domestic, Wilson continued to believe that wounded sensibilities were the spurs of art. But could he be loved and secure and still retain the powers of imagination? The answer was affirmative. During the next 20 years, he would produce such rich and varied books as *The Shores of Light, The Scrolls from the Dead Sea, Apologies to the Iroquois* and *Patriotic Gore*. —**By J.D. Reed**

Excerpt

"Evelyn Waugh began by pretending to think that I was a 'simple man' from Boise, Idaho, and, alternatively, that I was a Rhodes Scholar, preoccupied with Henry James . . . Later, in his rooms at the Hyde Park Hotel (where I was also staying), I talked about the antagonism to Americans, and he acknowledged it with a wicked gleeful grin in his bright little hard eyes, but went on to say that it was really based on jealousy. He talked about the opportunity for Americans of buying up fine things cheap. At White's (to which he had asked me for a drink), he said that England had better ruins than Italy. When I said that they would have to put up an annex for the overflow from Westminster Abbey, he said that he didn't think there were going to be any more distinguished men. (I said some derogatory things about *Brideshead Revisited*, and this really rocked him. When I quoted some absurd sentence, he said, 'That doesn't sound like me, does it?' He handed me the book and said, 'Find it.')"

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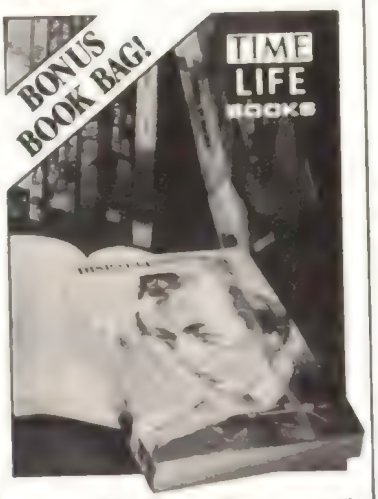

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POWER AND PRINCIPLE: MEMOIRS OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISER, 1977-1981
by Zbigniew Brzezinski
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
587 pages; $22.50

From the moment that rumors of its gossipy contents began circulating along the Potomac, Zbigniew Brzezinski's memoirs of four years as National Security Adviser in the Carter Administration have enlivened Georgetown cocktail parties with outrage and titillation over his putdowns of erstwhile colleagues. He has waved the furor aside, saying that what matters is not whether former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance personifies the decline of the Wasp elite, or whether "the loving way" that Walter Mondale combed his hair betrayed insecurity, but the "substance" of the issues he tackles in these pages.

Brzezinski has a point. But as so often in the past, he is complaining about a problem largely of his own making. For all his intellectual adroitness and rhetorical flair, he also has a huge blind spot. He does not seem to realize how often his candor, when directed at others, looks like malice and, when directed at himself, looks like shameless egotism.

Nonetheless, Brzezinski's book is a far richer resource for historians than previously published accounts of the Carter period by Hamilton Jordan and Jimmy Carter himself. Cyrus Vance's *Hard Choices*, to be published June 17, is reported to be rather tame and gentlemanly.

Like most political memoirs, *Power and Principle* is largely an exercise in self-justification. Brzezinski tries hard to guide future historians in their judgments. His thesis is that the Administration he served got a bum rap from the press and from the voters. Always vigorously, sometimes ingeniously, and with lengthy references to a journal he kept with this book in mind, he seeks to prove some claims and disprove some charges. The result, in both cases, is often the opposite of what he intends.

Brzezinski believes that journalists overstated the seriousness of the Administration's intramural bickering, particularly between himself and Vance. In fact, this book makes clear that the press underplayed the extent and significance of those divisions. Almost every issue provoked a fight, and almost every fight ended in a jerry-built compromise.

Even in analyzing what he sees as critical mistakes, Brzezinski is quick to blame others, and he is unpersuasive about how he would have done better, despite the benefit of hindsight and the opportunity to pose solutions that cannot be tested against events. The Administration's dithering over the Soviet-Cuban intervention in Ethiopia was, he asserts, a disastrous turning point. The fault, he quickly adds, lay largely with Vance and others who were loath to exert power. If Brzezinski had had his way, the U.S. would have sternly warned the Kremlin about the effect of its Ethiopian gambit on arms-control talks. He would have perhaps even sent an aircraft carrier to show the flag off the Horn of Africa. Brzezinski's response might have been tougher than Vance's, but he does not demonstrate how such actions could have been more effective.

Carter's adviser also argues that the Administration knew what it wanted and knew what it was doing in foreign policy.

Zbigniew Brzezinski
Indulging a love affair with "code" words.

The aim was to champion American values like human rights while at the same time demonstrating American might, as in the dispatch of an aircraft carrier to some far-off trouble spot. Brzezinski sums up that goal in the title phrase, the reconciliation of power with principle. But this is just the sort of slogan that the author constantly mistook for practical wisdom when advising his President. He indulges his love affair with what he describes as "code" words that might make sense in a political science textbook but that defied translation into workable policies.

Brzezinski still thinks he improved on his rival and predecessor Henry Kissinger by insisting that détente with the Soviet Union be "increasingly comprehensive and genuinely reciprocal." He italicizes the phrase, almost as though typographical emphasis could reinforce its truth. But neither five years ago nor in Brzezinski's retelling now do these words mean much in the real world. It is the problem of the blind spot again; Brzezinski does not realize how often his theorizing appears as glibness or gobbledygook.

Another objective he seeks to advance but succeeds only in undermining is the rehabilitation of Carter, who is one of the few people treated generously. But the impression created here is of a Chief Executive hopelessly concerned with minutiae, mechanics and abstractions of foreign policy and very much enthralled by Zbig's big-think. Brzezinski records numerous flattering notes and calls from his boss: "After my appearance on the Sunday talk shows he would phone me, as sometimes did Rosalynn, to tell me how well I had done."

Having placed himself prominently in the big picture, Brzezinski concludes that "President Carter will be appraised more generously by posterity than he was by the electorate in 1980." Posterity's judgment will have to wait, but a favorable appraisal would scarcely be substantiated by this book. —*By Strobe Talbott*

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Ancient Evenings, *Norman Mailer* • Chronicle of a Death Foretold, *Gabriel García Márquez* Heartburn, *Nora Ephron* Ironweed, *William Kennedy* • The Little Drummer Girl, *John le Carré* Tzili: The Story of a Life, *Aharon Appelfeld*

NONFICTION: Adventures in the Screen Trade, *William Goldman* Eleni, *Nicholas Gage* • Frida, *Hayden Herrera* • Lectures on Don Quixote, *Vladimir Nabokov* Salvador, *Joan Didion* • White Mischief, *James Fox*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. White Gold Wielder, *Donaldson (1 last week)*
2. Christine, *King (2)*
3. The Little Drummer Girl, *Le Carré (3)*
4. The Lonesome Gods, *L'Amour (4)*
5. Icebreaker, *Gardner (5)*
6. Voice of the Heart, *Bradford (7)*
7. The Delta Star, *Wambaugh (6)*
8. Ancient Evenings, *Mailer (10)*
9. Master of the Game, *Sheldon (8)*
10. Space, *Michener*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (3)*
3. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (2)*
4. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (5)*
5. One to One, *Rubin (7)*
6. Mary Ellen's Help Yourself Diet Plan, *Pinkham (6)*
7. Working Out, *Hix (9)*
8. William E. Donoghue's No-Load Mutual Fund Guide, *Donoghue (8)*
9. The Diet Center Program, *Ferguson*
10. How Anyone Can Stop Paying Income Taxes, *Schiff*

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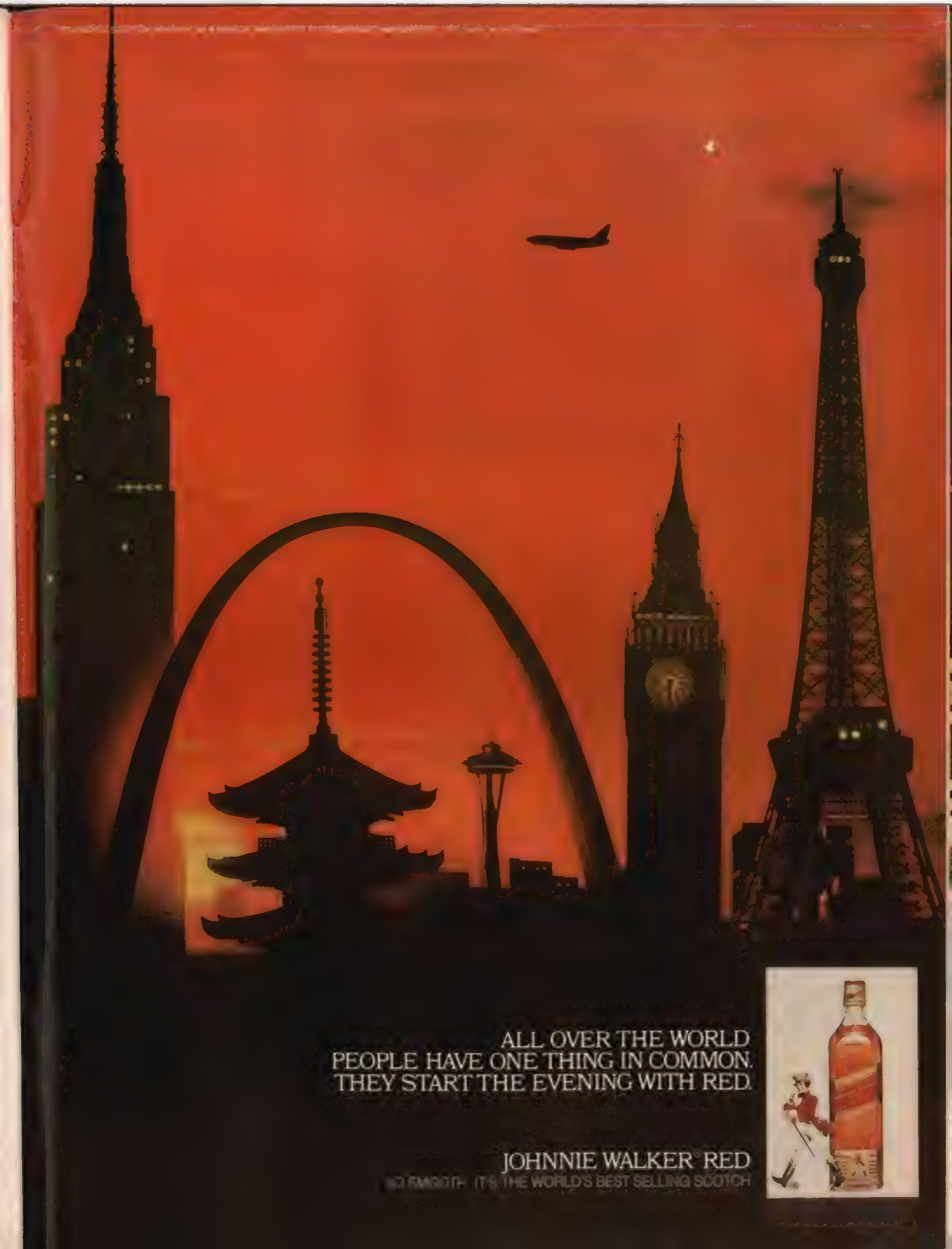
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Cinema

Soprano Stratas, Tenor Domingo in *La Traviata*: headlong vitality, tangible passion

Grand Passions

LA TRAVIATA
Directed by Franco Zeffirelli

Musically, Giuseppe Verdi's opera *La Traviata* begins at the end, and so does Franco Zeffirelli's new film. The attenuated strains of the prelude depict not the high spirits and even higher passions of the heroine's demimonde, but the lonely, last-act gasps of a woman dying of consumption; the camera prowls through her empty apartment like a would-be lover who never got the bad news. Suddenly there is a blast of trumpets and the scene is abruptly transformed, flashed back to a glittering party. As the music gathers force, so does the action; magnificent chandeliers are reflected in a thousand champagne glasses. Enter Violetta, laughing. For now, the watchword is joy, but the last word must be, inevitably, tragedy.

Strong emotions are the very stuff of grand opera, yet film has had a hard time portraying them in all their complexity. Ingmar Bergman's *The Magic Flute* delighted in the playfulness of Mozart's fairy tale but missed its underlying seriousness. Joseph Losey's *Don Giovanni* emphasized the same composer's brooding drama but failed to locate it within the realm of the human comedy. Zeffirelli's *La Traviata* strikes just the right note. Visually stunning and musically thrilling, it is the finest operatic movie yet made. It should appeal even to those who have resolutely resisted opera's charms.

The secret of successfully translating opera from stage to screen lies in respecting the musical source but exploiting the film medium's restless, inquiring mobility. As both a film maker (*Romeo and Juliet, The Champ, Endless Love*) and an experienced opera director, Zeffirelli understands both genres. In Soprano Teresa Stratas (Violetta) and Tenor Placido Domingo (Alfredo), he has chosen two exceptionally convincing singing actors. But film also demands motion, sweep and scope, so at intense moments the camera breaks free of its traditional front-row-center moorings and begins to roam. As counterpoint to Alfredo's second-act aria, in which he ardently—if prematurely—credits Violetta's love with taming his fiery spirit, there is a gentle pastorale of lovers picnicking on the grass and gamboling by a stream. Later, a spurned Domingo angrily drags Stratas down a long corridor, bursts into a crowded salon and throws her to her knees as the trombones sound a brusque challenge. It is a chilling moment in its combination of visual image and musical statement, and one that cannot be duplicated in the opera house.

Stratas, all flashing dark eyes and soaring (though sometimes rough-edged) voice, dominates the action. She may be the wayward woman of the opera's title, but when she turns her killer glance on Domingo in the first act, it is clear that he is the one who is really lost. Even with a full beard and tousled head of auburn hair, Domingo cannot disguise the fact that he is at least 15 years too old for the callow hero, but he makes Alfredo into an unusually impetuous, even violent personality. As Alfredo's father, veteran Baritone Cornell MacNeil is the picture of implacable bourgeois respectability.

Purists may object to the musical cuts and to the startling extension of a couple of ensemble numbers. But such considerations are minor when weighed against the film's headlong vitality and passion. Zeffirelli has captured Verdi's force in a rare, powerful way. —*By Michael Walsh*

Joyful Noises

SAY AMEN, SOMEBODY
Directed by George T. Nierenberg

At 77, Willie Mae Ford Smith is a round, sweet-faced woman with a shrewd yet sentimental eye, a determined spirit and a powerfully moving voice, now somewhat cracked by long, if lively service to the Lord. She is a beloved gospel singer, much looked to for moral and artistic guidance by people in her profession. *Say Amen, Somebody* is a documentary that follows her on her exhausting rounds, from bustling home to jumping church services to emotionally galvanic singing conventions. Following in her wake, the audience meets her mentor (Thomas A. Dorsey, a onetime blues singer and composer, now 83, who is credited with inventing gospel music), her peers and the younger singers she continues to guide. Since the music they make is among the most joyful noises ever sent heavenward, the film's jubilant mood is never less than marvelously infectious. Occasionally it is a good deal more than that.

For like almost all good documentaries in the *cinéma vérité* style, *Say Amen, Somebody* is a work of cultural anthropology. It is an exploration of a small, isolated world one would not ordinarily have a chance to penetrate, and it is exotic to the outlander's eye until the film makes the connections to our ordinary ways of life clear and uncommonly affecting. Take Dorsey, for example. He combines a holy man's zeal, a performer's ego and a revered older man's self-contentment, and the film's portrait of him becomes a little essay on the patriarch as enigma. Or consider Delois Barrett Campbell. Onstage she is a shatteringly forceful singer. Offstage she is married to the minister of a humble church who has trouble understanding the ambition that must lie behind a talent as large as hers. Like any wife whose career has outstripped her husband's, she would rather divert him with a home-cooked breakfast than try to explain herself all over again.

Smith in *Amen*

The film is shrewd in its selection of these moments. There are just enough of them to ground in a recognizable reality what could have been merely a well-shot and -edited compilation of irresistible music. But they are never so many that they interfere with the film's soaring flights of song. *Say Amen, Somebody* is a movie to which even a tone-deaf atheist will say amen. —*By Richard Schickel*

On January 10, 1983, no champagne was opened at Northwestern Mutual.

On January 10th FORTUNE Magazine published the results of a nationwide survey of nearly 6,000 executives, outside directors and financial analysts, who were asked to rate the reputations of the 10 largest companies in America's 20 largest industries. Northwestern Mutual Life ranked number one overall in the life insurance category and for four attributes, including quality of services and management.

While this news would have popped the corks at many other life insurance companies, at the Northwestern, it was business as usual. You see, Northwestern Mutual Life is accustomed to such accolades. Last November, A.M. Best Co. —*the* performance-rating authority in the life insurance industry, compared the actual dividend performance (not illustrations) over 20 years of the largest life insurance companies in the country. In all four categories that were the basis for comparison, Northwestern Mutual Life ranked number one. Outdistancing such well-known giants as Prudential, Metropolitan Life and John Hancock.

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Bowen and subject tape a segment during a helicopter ride over Oklahoma City; San Francisco's Channon and two prospects visit Marine World

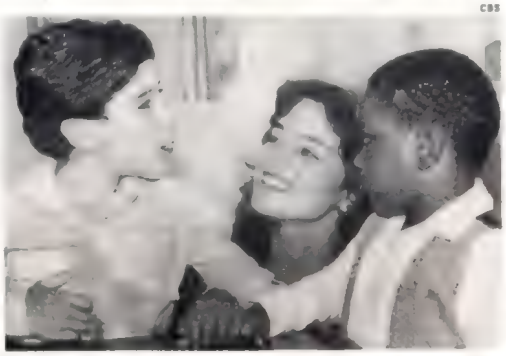
Searching for a Forever Home

Television programs help "Thursday's children" get adopted

"Eat it! Eat it!" said Barry, 9, holding out a potato chip to a furry blue creature named Grover. The creature gulped the chip, then gave the delighted boy a hug. Barry was meeting the stars of *Sesame Street* before their live show at Nassau Coliseum. Born retarded, he had lived in a residential treatment center since he was six, following the death of both parents. Until he shone on *Thursday's Child*, a weekly news feature conducted by Anchorwoman Michele Marsh on New York's WCBS-TV, he seemed destined to stay there. But five months after his appearance, he had been taken in by an adoptive family.

Like Barry, they are nearly all Thursday's children: neither fair of face nor full of grace, they always have far to go. They are "hard-to-place" children, candidates for adoption who have mental or physical handicaps, are siblings who do not wish to be separated, belong to minority groups or are simply older than six and no longer cuddly. But Thursday's children are on television virtually every day of the week. With the cooperation of adoption agencies, an estimated 50 stations throughout the U.S. carry regular features on them, usually as part of local newscasts. The TV appeals have proved to be one of the most effective means yet of finding such children what they want and need: as one TV producer puts it, "a forever home."

The formats are similar from one city to the next. During a two- to four-minute vignette, the child usually appears with one of the news show's anchors in some comfortable setting, often of the child's choice: a zoo, fishpond or skating rink; milking cows or taking a helicopter ride. "The key is to focus on the child and not be the center of attention yourself," explains Jack Bowen of *Wednesday's Child* on KOCO in Oklahoma City. "I make the child's handicaps very clear but highlight the positive features." In Washington, a ten-year-old boy was riding his bicycle for the cameras of WRC's *The Forgotten Children* when he fell, cutting his lip and chipping a tooth. The boy's social worker started to run to him, but Reporter-Producer Kelly Burke waved her off and conducted an interview beside the fallen bike. "He never cried and he stayed calm," says Burke. "It showed the strength of this child and his willingness to challenge life."



CBS

Foster children with Marsh at New York Foundling Hospital

A fear of exploitation, an evident involvement.

Stations receive anywhere from a handful to more than 200 calls about each child. Many of the callers prove to be unqualified or fail to follow through. Even when the interest is serious, the adoption process can be exacting and lengthy (generally six to twelve months). Nevertheless, an impressive number of the children find an adoptive home. Oklahoma City's KOCO, for example, has helped to place 92 of the 119 it has profiled. New York's WCBS, 21 out of 35; and Atlanta's WXIA, with *Wednesday's Child* conducted by Ellen Bryan, 79 out of 177 since precise record keeping began. Geraldine Jackson, head of Georgia's adoption exchange program, describes this as "an enviable record." Says she: "These are children who have been unsuccessfully exposed to other efforts of recruitment. TV is their last hope."

At least one institution has bypassed such programs and made its own appeal directly on TV. The Little Flower Children's Services, a Long Island center for abused and abandoned children, produced 30 commercials about eight hard-to-place minority children, all of whom have found adoptive homes.

Some television executives criticize the Thursday's children features as fluff and are uneasy about their inclusion in newscasts, contending that they are a form of advocacy. Says the news director of one of WXIA's rival stations in Atlanta: "They are a special service for a special group, and I could list 200 others that don't get that kind of play. But they can make a station seem to have a big heart."

Adoption officials, too, remain wary about exploitation of the children in the necessarily selective and heightened vignettes. It took a year for San Francisco's KRON to win the blessing of the California department of social services for its *The Waiting Child* feature. "There were a lot of questions about sensitivity and commitment," says News Director Pat Stevens. Since the feature began appearing seven months ago, however, the concern and involvement of News Anchor Rita Channon have been amply evident; on several segments she has dabbed at her eyes while talking to a child. Says Joe Pecora, a suburban San Francisco social worker who placed a nine-year-old boy four months after he appeared on *The Waiting Child*: "Without that series, we could not have found a home for him. He'd be back in foster care."

—By Richard Stengel.

Reported by Dorothy Ferenbaugh/New York and Roger Witherspoon/Atlanta

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New South at the *Clarion-Ledger*

A Mississippi paper backs education—and wins a Pulitzer

When 200,000 people marched on Washington in 1963 to urge "jobs and freedom" for blacks, the Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion-Ledger* noted the rally dryly but reported the litter-clearance effort the next day under the headline: WASHINGTON IS CLEAN AGAIN WITH NEGRO TRASH REMOVED. Times have changed in Mississippi—and at the 146-year-old *Clarion-Ledger*. The state-capital paper, whose modest daily circulation of 70,000 is Mississippi's largest, crusades against corruption and police brutality toward poor blacks. Last week the paper's campaign for reform of the state's allegedly inadequate, segregation-tainted public schools won the most coveted award in newspaper journalism, the Pulitzer Prize for public service.

In his office, Overby celebrates with balloons

A daily, and a state, overcome a sorry past.

The *Clarion-Ledger* gave the eight-part education series an investment impressive even by the standards of bigger papers: Reporters Fred Anklam Jr., 28, and Nancy Weaver, 29, crisscrossed the state for four months, arriving unannounced in 40 of the 153 local school districts. Says Anklam: "We tried to catch people unawares." In 51 news stories and 27 editorials, timed to influence a December special session of the legislature, the *Clarion-Ledger* contended: "Mississippi public schools aren't making the grade." Among the ills cited: per-pupil funding of only $1,965 for 1981-82, *vs.* a national average of $2,671, and a dropout rate that is double the national average. The school system reflected a culture of poverty: Mississippi has consistently ranked lowest of all states in per capita income since record keeping began in 1929.

Lawmakers who opposed the paper's call for change were cited in *Clarion-Ledger* editorials under the designation "Hall of Shame." Legislators protested the unaccustomed pressure, but at the urging of Governor William Winter, as well as the paper, they enacted new school taxes, across-the-board teacher pay raises, reading aid, a stronger compulsory-attendance law and state support for kindergartens. Said *Clarion-Ledger* Executive Editor Charles Overby, 36: "Pulitzers have come to Mississippi before, some for reporting about things the state failed to do. This one is for what Mississippi did."

The paper's rehabilitation began in the mid-1970s under Rea Hederman, whose family had owned the publication for more than 40 years. Hederman expanded the staff and news budget. Editors began to pursue promising young reporters, even from other states. To help gain credibility among blacks, who are 42% of Jackson's population, the paper increased black coverage and staff (current total: four of the 27 reporters).

Last year, after Hederman left, the family sold the *Clarion-Ledger* and its evening sister paper, the Jackson *Daily News* (circ. 40,000), to the Gannett Co., the nation's biggest (87 dailies) newspaper chain. But Hederman's goal of improvement survived. The paper opened bureaus in three Mississippi cities and began to send reporters to cover stories throughout the South. Says Managing Editor Robert Gordon: "We are a good newspaper trying to get better."

Among other Pulitzer winners last week:

▸ Thomas Friedman of the New York *Times* and Loren Jenkins of the Washington *Post* for reporting from Lebanon.

▸ The Boston *Globe* for a 56-page special section examining U.S. policy on the use of nuclear weapons.

▸ The Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News-Sentinel* for coverage of a March 1982 flood that forced many of the city's residents to evacuate their homes.

▸ Loretta Tofani of the Washington *Post* for investigation of rapes of men in a Maryland jail.

▸ The Miami *Herald* for editorials opposing detention of Haitian refugees.

▸ Alice Walker for her novel *The Color Purple*.

▸ Marsha Norman for her play *'Night, Mother*.

▸ New York *Times* Columnist Russell Baker, a 1979 winner in commentary, for his autobiography *Growing Up*. ■

Dance

An Affair to Remember

Sir Frederick Ashton gives a new twist to an old story

Crepuscular clouds drift lazily across a Crayola orange sky. To the right, a mauve villa, ornamented by a dazzling splash of tropical trees; to the left, an azure pool, inviting in look but impossible in perspective. Four couples, paired in matching pinks, yellows, lilacs and greens, disport themselves playfully while the estate's elegant mistress lounges provocatively on a poolside chaise. Suddenly a stranger springs into this daydreamer's view of a motley Mediterranean paradise: a macho greaser in shades, tight white pants and black silk shirt. The woman rises and sniffs the wind. This is Italy; an affair is in the air. This is also ballet: they dance. Passion and the poetry of movement mingle in the languid summer eve. But things are not quite what they seem.

JACK VARTOOGIAN

The Royal Ballet's Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell in Ashton's ballet *Varii Capricci*

On a Mediterranean isle, a semislattern meets a greasy gigolo with Saturday-night fever.

Sir Frederick Ashton has done it again. In his new work, *Varii Capricci*, given its world premiere last week in New York City by London's Royal Ballet, Britain's leading choreographer, 78, has spun a fragile comic fable of misdirected lust, a brief encounter that demonstrates Ashton's continuing mastery of psychologically revealing nuance, even when the subject is a mere wisp. Set to a spunky score by the late Sir William Walton and played out against a disarmingly evocative set by Artist David Hockney, *Varii Capricci* also revives one of ballet's most brilliant partnerships, that of Dancers Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell.

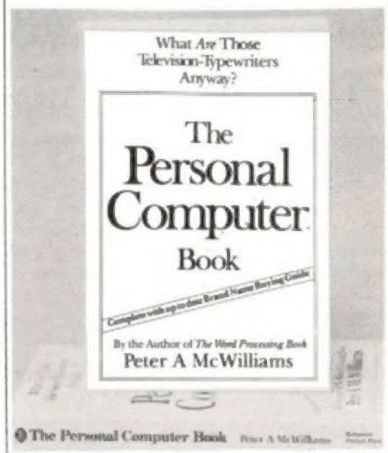
Sibley, 44, and Dowell, 40, have not danced together regularly since 1976, when Sibley retired after a knee operation. The couple that first breathed life into the Ashton classic *The Dream* (1964) and danced together in 18 other ballets won renown as one of the most poignant and refined in dance history: a sleek, sensuous welding of two bodies into a single winged entity. In 1980, at Ashton's urging, Sibley made her comeback at a charity gala in London: "Get up there and dance," commanded Sir Frederick, and she did.

Varii Capricci finds both soloists in splendid form, but paradoxically playing against type; Ashton seems to have in mind a parody not only of his own romantic aesthetic but also of the origin of the fabled partnership as well. Here is the regal Sibley, the gossamer Titania of *The Dream*, reduced to a semislattern with one thing on her mind. Here is the princely Dowell, once her dashing Oberon, as an even more unsatisfying lover, a sexually indeterminate gigolo with Saturday-night fever. At the end of the first, teasingly erotic *pas de deux*, Dowell effortlessly lifts Sibley aloft and, in one graceful, fluid motion, floats her offstage. The gesture promises a lovers' private communion. Yet, in the end, it turns out to be only funning foreplay: the stranger, it seems, is less interested in the lady of the house than he is in regaining his sunglasses and patting his pompadour back into place.

If Ashton's *Capricci* is a lighthearted, winking jape, it is also a winning tribute to a major figure in British music. Just before his death at his villa on the Italian island of Ischia (the inspiration for Hockney's set), Walton had put the finishing touches to his score. The music is carefully crafted and sparklingly orchestrated with sprinkles of harp, celesta and xylophone—qualities that are reflected in Sir Frederick's deft choreography. Like his great colleague George Balanchine, Ashton has an unerring ability to match movement with sound in a way that slights neither, creating something fresh and whole to charm the eye and resonate in the soul.

—By Michael Walsh

"A beacon of simplicity, sanity and humor."
—Time



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A Time for Every Season

The outfield starts to vanish in a thickening whiteness. The umpire gets morally confused. He stands with palms upraised, like a supplicant priest, and stares at the fat crystals falling onto his hands. At last, he calls the game, in wonder and disgust.

A snowstorm in mid-April is a kind of outrage. It is a minor perversion of nature. It makes hairline fractures in the order of things. The earth has schedules. We grow offended when it does not run on time, when our expectations are unseasonably violated.

All spring the weather has been weird: violent, Shakespearean. It might have been worse, of course. In the *annus mirabilis* of 1811, the air was dense with portents: a comet in the northern sky, an eclipse of the sun. The Eastern U.S. was broiled by ungodly heat and swept by tornadoes and hurricanes. Multitudes of squirrels, in the tens of thousands, were seen migrating south across Kentucky. In 1816 Connecticut had a blizzard on June 6. On the Fourth of July that year, the highest temperature recorded in Savannah, Ga., was 46°F. The prevailing opinion, for a little while, was that the universe had gone crazy.

Nature has mood swings. But people are probably no longer as temperamental about them as they once were, as barnyard animals are. Ridiculous as it seems, the seasons usually occur now at a certain distance. They have some interest, like landscapes glimpsed out a train window. But they are also a little raw and messy.

In fact, it may be a question whether human beings really want seasons at all. Civilization's ambition for centuries has been to mitigate them, even to abolish them. The seasons in many developed latitudes are rough and unpredictable. Man wanted to subdue them, domesticate them. The logic of Progress has been to lift humanity out of the yearly cycles and into a higher trajectory. Progress was designed to be an ascendant journey, linear and always brightening, not a mere pointless circular plod around the calendar.

Some people have a corrupted idea of Progress. The new U.S. Football League, which is playing its games in spring and early summer, has been nervously founded on a gamble about the sports fan's adaptability to different time zones. There is something spiritually dislocating, even depraved, about football in May. Still, Homo sapiens has adjusted to the idea of having ice hockey's Stanley Cup playoffs proceed at their glacial pace through the same month, so perhaps the content of seasons is just a matter of habit. When man sends colonies into space, he will be able to mount movable, sun-reflecting mirrors to simulate rhythms of night and day and even the terrestrial seasons. If he wished such special effects, he could probably conjure up an occasional blizzard inside the space colony. But he doubtless will follow the longstanding American habit of thinking that outer space should, as much as possible, resemble Southern California. If he does install seasons in the colony, they will be only for the benefit of the vegetables.

Farmers need seasons. In a lovely, squat little verse to the month of March, A.E. Housman wrote: "So braver notes the storm-cock sings/ To start the rusted wheel of things,/ And brutes in field and brutes in pen/ Leap that the world goes round again."

Industry and business can proceed in a fluorescent seasonlessness. Human ingenuity has given centuries to the goal of ensuring that the human body might move around at an even 68° all year. Air conditioning is one of the serious accomplishments of the 20th century. It produced the Sunbelt. The enclosed suburban shopping mall prefigures those cities of the future that will be entirely domed, like a pheasant under glass. No seasonal variations need be endured.

The preacher of *Ecclesiastes* gave the list of sublime inevitabilities: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." There was once a cultural geographer named Ellsworth Huntington who suggested—ethnocentrically, his critics later said—that people who lived without seasons could never develop character. So much for the *mañana* cultures. So much, in fact, for San Diego. Such cultures had no Darwinian need for foresight, Huntington thought, no drive to store up nuts for winter. They did not feel that stirring of energy and anticipation and pragmatic dread when the first chill came on, making them think responsibly, in the future tense. Bad weather makes people miserable, and busy. Provide, provide.

The seasons were once the central organizing principle of things. Mankind learned the mysteries, even the tragedies, of limited duration. All of Egyptian civilization coalesced around the annual flooding of the Nile. In the developed countries now, the internal variations of the year begin to have a merely recreational or sentimental interest. They tend to be, at best, decorative and, at worst, inconvenient. It is true that in Minnesota, winter remains a convicted killer. It is also true that things occur in a Southern spring, in north Alabama or Tennessee or the Shenandoah Valley, that go beyond the merely picturesque: a time-lapse film of blossoms opening, that sweet, rich awakening, a sensuous slow motion of nature.

The seasons began by breaking down time into usable units: a time to plow, a time to sow, a time to reap. Distinctly, intensely different periods of the year calibrated time and made it manageable. They enforced disciplines. Now, people often create their own units of usable time without such explicit reference to the external seasons. There are the business seasons and the school seasons. There are model years for cars and fiscal years for budgets. Those man-made schedules are wheels within the abiding great wheel, less noticed now, of the calendar.

People can fragment the year. They can escape it. They can arc not only out of a place but out of a time. They fly in a couple of hours from one season to another: from Chicago's December, say, to Florida's moral equivalent of high summer. Then they fly back into the wan, smudged month that they left, and they are tan. In deep winter, they are exotics walking among all those gray faces at lunchtime like Queequeg on the streets of Nantucket.

But insulation from the seasons is sometimes disorienting. There is reassurance in those felt variations. Those who are seasonless are adrift in time. It is difficult to get one's bearings in time if one stays too long on Oahu. The seasonless also feel less the sacramental uses of the different times. The seasons are the framework of archetypes, and profane time acquires its deeper meanings as it passes through the frame. Each year, after all, recapitulates the process of a life: birth, youth, maturity, old age and, in deep winter, death. Then the rebirth, when the seasons enact most literally nature's drama of redemption, and life pushes its green shoots out of death. ***—By Lance Morrow***

Illustration for TIME by Arnie Levin

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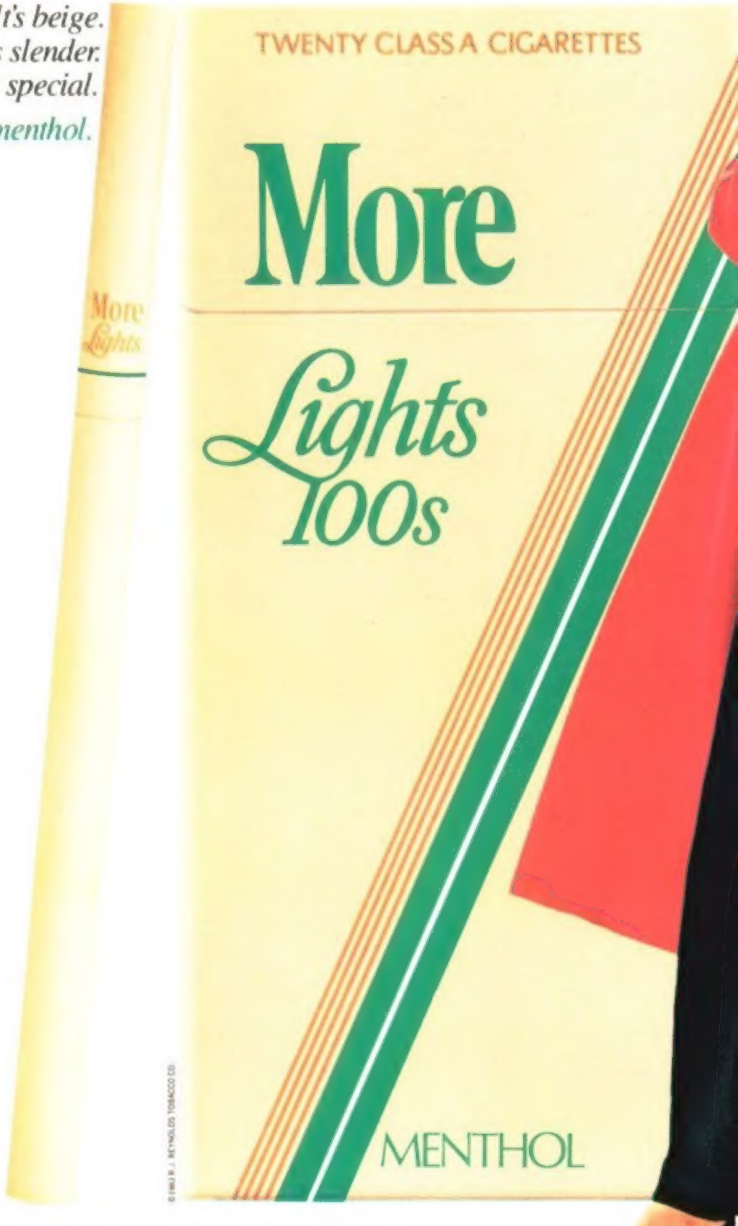

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